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A ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.

BY M. M.

"Pearl of the sea!
Beautiful, free!
List to the song I am singing to thee:
By the stars so bright,
By the moon's pale light,
Softly I vow myself thy true knight!
All my life long, Lady, a voice whispered near to me,
'Thou art so dear to me,
Thou art so dear to me!'

"Smile brightly now, love,
On me below, love,
Thence from thy presence forever I'll go, love;
By the stars so bright,
By the moon's pale light,
Gladly I vow myself thy true knight!
O, would thou wert mine, Lady, would thou wert mine,
For my heart is all thine,
For my heart is all thine!"

Under the Castle, the sound of guitar
Wakened the echoes of midnight afar;
Alone at the casement, 'neath moon so bright,
Listened, with deep and eager delight,
The capricious Infanta of Spain,
To the song of love,
To the song of love!
A smile on her lips at words so choice,
A tear in her eyes at the manly voice
Singing the pensive strain.
A bell is rung by that beautiful hand,
And, lo! at that regal Lady's command,
Of knights and ladies gay there wait
To carry her to the Hall of State;
A goodly Royal train,
To hear the Knight
Whose song so bright
Had won a tear from her deep, dark eyes;—
To question him much, and to hear his replies
Wished the lovely Infanta of Spain!

Humbly entered the Minstrel Knight,
Lowly bowed he'm to Ladies bright;
Doffed his cap with its plumes and lace,
With all the air of kingly grace,
To the beauteous Infanta of Spain;
And their bright eyes met,
And their bright eyes met!
She who had filled his dreams by night,
With angel form since boyhood's flight,—
Would his love bring joy, or pain?

"Sing me a song of thine own native land,
Minstrel from a foreign strand;
And this silken glove which I wear this night
Shall be thy guerdon, gallant Knight!
Sing me a sad refrain
Of Love — of War —
On thy sweet guitar —
The sadder will please me the better now."
Brightly the diamonds shone on the brow
Of the peerless Infanta of Spain.

Standing the dark-eyed Ladies before,
Sweeping his guitar-strings o'er and o'er,—
The lamps grow brighter as he plays,
As the heart grows lighter when one prays;—
Who could at heart refrain
From listening long
To the weird-like song
Of the ancient days of a foreign land?—
With dimpled chin on snow-white hand,
Sat the sweet-faced daughter of Spain.

Of a knight of old of helmet strong,
In page's clothes, who woo'd with song
A lady fair of noble fame,
And Guy of Warwick was his name!
And Guy could never woo in vain
A Lady gay,
A Lady gay!
Of the hearts he won by the songs he sung,
Of the battles he won when he was young,
Heard the silent Infanta of Spain.

Long was the lay and oft the praise
That spoke of Guy of olden days;
Strange was the song to Spanish ears,
Yet Lords, applause and Ladies' tears
Failed not to greet the strain!
Yet silent all
When through the hall
The last sweet echo died away,
Of the voice of the knight who sang the lay
For the proud Infanta of Spain.

* * * * *

Brightly the waves dash up to greet
The future king of England's feet;
Gladly the sun on the bright water dances;
Ladies bestow their loviest glances—
But they all are given in vain.
For the Prince is bent
On his thoughts intent—
Thinking,—he swears he will love her forever,
Altho' in this wide world he may never
See more the Infanta of Spain.

A bright lock of hair is fondly pressed
Near the place where his heart once used to rest;
A silken glove has a tiny place
On his hat, where the plume is joined to the lace.
For one moment more he'd fain
Gaze in her eyes,
Her deep, dark eyes,
And hear her speak just one word more!—
Fled are the hopes of his youth evermore,
With the distant shores of Spain!

Detroit, Mich.

Written for The Universe.

MARRIED; OR, A Woman's Deception.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

[Continued.]

Mrs. Hay received Eloise with her usual quiet dignity, though with a little natural surprise.

"I learn," said Eloise, "that my friends are absent, and have come to see if I could find a refuge with you during my stay."

"I am rather surprised," said Mrs. Hay, "that you think of remaining at all, under the circumstances. You say that your friends are absent; they left here to escape danger, and there are very few who, having the means to get away, are still contented to remain in this infected town."

Eloise understood the woman she had to deal with.

"I think, Mrs. Hay," she said, "that you might have found it possible to leave, if you had so desired."

"I have duties and interests here," she replied, from which no danger that threatens merely my life can exonerate me."

"I, too, have such duties and interests," said Eloise.

"Young ladies sometimes find themselves the victims of romance and sentiment in such cases," was Mrs. Hay's reply.

"Mrs. Hay," said Eloise, "I am neither romantic nor sentimental. I know what danger is, and I know the meaning of death. But God has brought me here, as I sincerely believe, for a purpose. In his hand I lay my life, while I do the work He has set for me."

There was no enthusiasm, no exaggeration, in her voice — but a simple, calm enunciation of duty and resolve. From that moment Mrs. Hay understood her.

"I will show you to your room," she said.

When their simple tea was concluded, Mrs. Hay said: "I am going now on my usual evening round to visit the sick. Will you go with me?"

"I will," said Eloise; and, wrapped and hooded for the evening air, with each a basket upon their arm, they set out, like two sisters of mercy, upon their double mission.

In one small cottage they found an aged woman stricken sorely, and evidently near death. Her daughter — herself the mother of three little ones — watched constantly beside the cradle of her babe, sick also of the fever.

"Let me stay here all night" said Eloise; "you have need of help."

The young mother's voice was too full to reply, and Eloise quietly laid aside her bonnet and commenced her work of ministry. The air, close and oppressive at the best, was burdened still more with noisome exhalations from the sick. The untidiness which sickness compels among the poor prevailed, and the little children cried and fretted for the care of their mother. Eloise went to work quietly to remedy, so far as she might, all these evils. She fed, and undressed, and bathed the children; she brought order out of confusion, and by thorough fumigation restored the air, as far as was possible, to its natural condition. The dusk was coming on, and she was still busy with her necessary, but most unpoetic labors, when the Doctor entered. Mrs Hay had encountered him outside, and with womanly tact had quietly prepared him for the meeting.

"We have a new nurse," she said, as they had compared notes concerning their labors, "I left her a moment ago at Morgan Hess's house."

"Indeed," said the Doctor, "who is it? A fit person, I hope; though it has come to that that we are not to be too scrupulous. Any human presence is better than to die alone."

"A very fit person indeed, except for her youth and sensibility — Miss Eloise Vaughan. She arrived here this afternoon on the train, not having heard of the affliction; and, having decided to remain while her services might be needed, applied to me for lodgings. She will occupy a room at my house for the present."

The Doctor had started visibly at the mention of her name, but Mrs. Hay talked quietly on, for the express purpose of giving him an opportunity to command himself.

"Mrs. Hay," he said, "she is a noble woman. I commend her to your care. Do not let her rashly expose herself."

"My friend," said Mrs. Hay, "our lives are all in God's hands, but I shall do what I can for her."

It was, therefore, without visible emotion that the Doctor met Eloise.

"I saw Mrs. Hay a moment ago," he said to her, "and she told me you were here. Why did you not come to me first?"

"And ask your permission to do my duty? I did not feel any inclination to do that."

She said it sweetly, but Richard felt that the words were meant to raise a barrier between them, which was not for him to overpass.

"Well, then," he returned, "if you will not ask my advice in a friendly way, I must be content with acting professionally. Surely you will not refuse me that?"

"No," she said; "in all professional matters you will find me teachable, and, I hope, apt. What shall I do for your patients, and even — I am so far unheroic" — she smiled a smile that was like wine to his nature — "what shall I do to take care of myself?"

He stood for a few minutes, giving her sanitary directions, and then, his business with his patients being ended, took his leave."

Thereafter, day by day, they wrought side by side in the long, exhausting conflict with death. Eloise went from house to house, giving all her days to labor, and half her nights to watching. Mrs. Hay was her frequent companion, and wherever their shadow fell across a sick-bed, from thence arose a heart-felt thanksgiving. In the hovels of the foreign population, they met Father Dunne; for, while every Protestant clergyman had left the town, the energetic and devoted priest labored day and night, with the tenderness and unsparing zeal of a true Christian, in the homes of his flock.

Father Dunne was not too busy to watch this woman closely. There was something in her tenderness, her refinement, her heroic but most womanly courage, which touched him deeply. Upon one occasion, as he watched her while she held a little babe in her arms, striving to soothe its distress and hush its pitiful wailings, Dr. Glendenning entered. The priest was not sorry for an opportunity to notice the intercourse between these two, even though he was apparently occupied with the dying mother. Not a glance of their eyes, not an intonation of their voices, was lost upon him. The impression which he gained of purity, of truthfulnes, of high-sustained moral courage, was treasured in his heart as a thing not to be forgotten. To the eyes of his order, the secrets of the human heart stand revealed more nearly, as they are in the presence of God, than to the vision of any human beings; and he knew that if all marriages could be consummated from a love like this, one half the vice of the earth would disappear like a vapor, and the place of it would be known no more again upon the earth forever.

Weeks wore slowly away, and still the dreadful heat continued. Vegetation, which a rainy spring had developed with an unwonted luxuriance, was cut down and withered. The sky was brassy, and the sun, shorn of all its beams, hung in the heavens, a red-hot ball. A grey haze enveloped all the hills, and in the stifling air there was not life or motion enough to displace it.

One evening coming out of the last house he intended to visit before retiring, the Doctor met Eloise just entering the gate. A trellis was over it, on which the rotting vines hung, and the untended garden, in which decay rioted, lay all about them.

"Eloise," he said, "I want to look at you, I want to talk to you. Do not turn your face away. It is your health I would inquire for. You grow pale and thin. I want to know if your eyes have their natural lutsre, — if your blood flows with even beat. I feel sadder to-night than I have felt for years: and I cannot see you going into that den of death without a fearful presentment of evil. The father in yonder is dead, the mother cannot live till morning, and what earthly power can save the children I do not know. Be restrained, and, at least for this one night, go home."

"No," she said, "I cannot do that. Somehow all the brave, inspiring words of the ancient seers and singers come rushing over my mind all day, and I feel as safe as I ever did at home. It seems to me that I have repeated half the Psalms entire during these two weeks; and those last more glorious inspirations of Job dwell with me constantly. I cannot be afraid.

The Doctor bowed his head upon his hand, in a sadness that seemed unutterable.

"I would that God would send me some such consolation," he said; "I feel utterly cast down and dispirited. How much longer this weather will last, I do not know; but it seems to me that, unless it changes soon, there will be no living thing left in all the valley."

As the Doctor spoke these words in a slow, dispirited way, Eloise was struck with a sudden sense of danger. Not for worlds would she have given way to it, however.

"Oh!" she said: "I have hope that it will not last much longer. As I came along this evening, a quail piped in the thicket, and over the bald summit of "Eagle Cliff a 'thunder head' is rising. Courage, and we shall weather it yet.

The Doctor smiled sadly, and, as he did so, laid his finger on her wrist.

"A steady pulse!" he said. "What is this wonderful strength which some women possess?—in what cranny of their organism does it hide? Their bones are small, their muscles soft, their nerves the merest threads; the stream of life is rapid, but weak; a puff of air might put out the flame of their candle, one would think. Yet they brave infection, exposure, night watching, and daily toil, and carry about with them an evener pulse, powers less expended, more strength in reserve than the strongest men. Neither Dunne nor myself have a pulse like that to-night."

[To be continued next week.]

THEODORE PARKER.

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

[Concluded.]

Theodore Parker was a natural reformer. This man could not live to himself, nor die to himself. Whether living or dying, he was the Lords. Every fact in his experience was human. A poor boy, he had felt the disabilities of poverty. Born to toil, he could sympathize with the toiler. Of humble parentage, he knew no distinction of persons. His love of children, his hold on the common people, his use of the common speech, prove him a plain man among men. He was without scorn. He could not see a criminal arrested without feeling that only his own good fortune saved him from the same fate. He could not see a man degraded by vice, without feeling, that, under other circumstances, he might have been in his place. The greatest was no more than a human being; the smallest was no less. At the bar of humanity, all might plead, and all must. Anthony Burns and Daniel Webster stood there side by side, and there was no more hesitation in justifying the one than in condemning the other. The *common humanity* it was, that glorified. Men, as they *shared* that, were great; as they *slighted* that, were little. This sympathy with the human, this thorough faith in it, and profound respect for it, is the key to his social and political career. He was no theorist, or *doctrinaire*, or schemer, or systemmonger. He had no patent medicine or infallible pill. Socialism never caught him in its cobwebs. His stout legs stuck right out of the coverlet of whatever Procrustes' bed he was stretched on; and the legs condemned the bedstead. He would not march with a train band. He was the despair of politicians. Even the best reformers had to be very elastic to take him in. He thundered against intemperance, but denounced the Maine Law. He abhorred war, but saved money for cannon. His interest for the poor was intense; but "The Society for the Prevention of Pauperism" he called "a society for the promotion, diffusion, and organization of pauperism."

The development of the human in mankind this was his endeavor. Not the alleviation of suffering, primarily; not the relief of wants, not the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, the political enfranchisement of the oppressed—,not these primarily, these secondarily; primarily *the development of the human.* He believed in the people, because the human elements were co-extensive with the people, and only by, through, along with the people, could be developed. He believed in the full emancipation of women, because women enshrine a full half of the humanity, and must be, not *permitted*, but *encouraged, urged, exhorted*, to bring the free contribution of such power as is given them, to the sum of power in mankind.

He believed in the enfranchisement of the negro, not so much because the negro would be happier, as because he, too, was a portion of the great human constituency: his enslavement hindered the progress of the people, his emancipation would promote it.

He believed in the rescue of the perishing, the reclaiming of the dangerous classes, because they were dead weights on the people's progress, and because from these, too, some precious drops of humanity might be distilled.

He believed in a republic, because this form of government seemed best fitted to develope the humanity of the people.

He had faith that popular education, general intelligence, systematic training, would extinguish the spirit of caste, make the rule of fellowship in humanity prevail, and give every individual man and woman a chance to exhibit his capacity, accomplish his destiny, and bless his kind. But these things were appliances, not forces. The forces were the attributes that existed in all human beings, and that needed but opportunity to justify themselves.

In this man there was an irresistible charm in courage. Be brave, be true, and Theodore Parker was your friend, in evil report and good report.

Wendell Phillips has told us how he entered the anti-slavery arena. He had been attending one of their meetings in Boston, as a spectator. The meeting had been unusually stormy and discouraging. As it broke up, Parker came to his friend and said, "You shall never need to ask me again to share the platform." There never was need. He was first and foremost. He kept the word of promise to the hope, and more. He not only stood upon the platform wherever it was, he carried the platform with him wherever he went. No man in the United States — orator, preacher, lecturer, editor, legislator, statesman, — did more, few did so much as he, to bring the matter of slavery before the people. He saw the compass of the evil, he felt the magnitude of the sin. He knew that either slavery, must die, or the republic; either slavery or humanity on the western continent. He girded himself to save, not the Union, but the nation; not the government, but the idea on which the government was built. His efforts were tremendous. In all literature there is nothing to match the productiveness of his tongue and pen. From his first "Letter to the People of the United States, touching the Matter of Slavery," to his speech ten years later, in 1858, on "The Present Aspect of Slavery in America," the burning invective, wit, humor, remonstrance, reproof, warning, never ceased to flow from his lips. The statements of principles, the expositions of law, the lessons from history, the deductions from reason, the demonstrations of facts and figures, swift, burning, unanswerable, flew like thunderbolts from his heart. No matter who fell; no matter who were sacrificed; no matter what reputation suffered; no matter what great name went down; no matter what great heart broke. The more illustrious the person who stood in the people's way, the more dangerous to the people's safety. The future of America hung on the balance. It was cheaply purchased at any price. He was ready to die for it himself. He was ready to strike down others. It was for the slave or his master, it was for peace or union, it was for the victory of the human, that he stuck. Remember that, ye who complain that he struck hard. He *did*. And there was need that he should; for the strikers were few, the foe was myriad-headed, the breath of the monster was in our faces, and men were inhaling it as the breath of heaven. Five years before the iron hail fell on Sumter, he predicted it, and prepared for it. His listening ear caught the footfalls of the coming fate. Human in every atom and pulse of his being, he felt the unconscious drift of the popular energy, perceived the subtle links that joined cause to effect, measured accurately the rising of the popular inspiration, indicated the very moment when the tide of shame and sorrow would overflow, and tears would turn to blood.

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I have spoken of Theodore Parker as a man and as a reformer; but my account of him would be radically defective if I did not present that other aspect of him which is more familiar and more characteristic than either. The work of social reform was incidental with Parker. He came to it, we may almost say reluctantly, for, when he undertook it, he did so with all his heart, as if it was the special work he was sent to do, but, we may say, he came to it with some degree of misgiving. The work came to him. It was forced on him. He left what he had long considered the work of his life in order that he might do it, he hoped, he expected, to drop the main burden of it in a few years, and come back to his life-task again. This life-task was, he had persuaded himself, *religious.* He regarded himself, he never ceased to regard himself, as a religious reformer. To this he felt himself called, for this he equipped himself, for this he was gifted. A profoundly religious man; a man naturally, originally, organically, creatively, religious, — religion so genuine to him that he could not put up with the least affectation in it, his commerce with Infinite Spirit, a commerce at first hand, the divine awe pressing immediately down on his soul, the supremacy of conscience, the sovereignty of reason, the immortal kingliness and queenliness of love, the personalities of these qualities in a Being, just as he was tender, and tender as he was just, fatherly and motherly both, — all this was to him a faith so inevitable, so instinctive, that it became the soul of all other faith. This sense of the reality of the divine Being was so full, that it overflowed all limits, washed away all banks, and laid every department of thought and life under water.

Parker was peculiarly fitted to become a reformer in religion. A man of more imagination could not have done what he did. A man of finer speculative genius could not have done it. A man of keener sympathetic perception could not have done it. A man of more poetic sensibility could not have done it. It needed a man of the people, who dealt with ideas in bulk, took systems for what they were on their face, and read the creeds literally, and, to all things written and instituted, applied the soul's common sense. Parker was this man, — direct, truthful, sincere; a man to whom black was black, and white white; a man who could not equivocate or palter, or lose himself in fine interpretations; an eloquent man, who had the ears of the people, could translate Greek and German thought into Saxon speech; a man who delighted in writing and preaching sermons; a man who thought more of timely statements than of finished ones, and was far more anxious to get what he had to say, accepted by the people who needed it, than to fashion it to the taste of critics.

Friends apologize for the imperfection of his work by saying, that it was begun very early; that circumstances forced him into premature statements; that his position as preacher committed him to the damaging habit of loose expression; that professional interruptions broke the continuity of his thought. Parker needs not the apology. He began early because he was called early. The circumstances that forced him into incomplete statements were the necessities of the time which called for statements. — incomplete ones, if complete ones were not to be had; and, as for the damaging habit of loose expression, the man who would speak to the people so as to move them must cultivate such habits of expression as will lodge the burning thought in their heart. He loved the sermon form, for the reason that under it he could convey ideas, sentiments, convictions, influences, all in one; light and heat together; the word piercing at a stroke through intellect, heart, soul, and will. There, as elsewhere and always, a man of the hour.

We are bound to believe that the hour called for the man, since the man came. When you get a prophet, you must take his criticism. The judgment-day comes with the judge. Had Parker lived in Luther's day, he would have been a Luther. But that issue was closed. Ten years ago, the Church of Rome had no position in America. Nobody feared it, nobody talked about it. The Dudleian lecturer at Harvard College, when that theme came round, seized the old Protestant flail, and lustily beat the bare floor for an hour, while the official audience smiled or slumbered. In Parker's time, it was Protestantism that slept on its dogmas; the field being so absolutely clear of foes that surprise was not even dreamed of. It was a growing complaint, that religion was not doing the work of a religion, that truths were dogmas, that traditions passed nothing along, that ordinances did not ordain, that sacraments had no significance, that the meaning of symbols had been lost. Tract societies, Bible societies, missionary societies, kept the organization from rusting. All that held it together was the sectarian spirit which cements cliques by dividing churches. An occasional revival showed how hard it was for spiritual faith to die, how very hard it was for spiritual faith to live. Now and then a living preacher revealed the deadness of the community as his thunders startled the echoes in spirtual graves. Religion had been slowly retreating before intellect, until it had reached the extreme limit of space and time, and taken up its final position at the edge of the grave. There it stood, guaranteeing a free passage across the dark river to all who could show the church's permit. The world was given over to its own devices. Religion declared itself the foe of science. It looked coldly on literature. It did not concern itself with social reform. It took unnecessary pains to say that it had nothing to do with politics; and, as politics constituted the most absorbing interest of the people, this was equivalent to saying that religion had no interest in human affairs. Its business was the salvation of souls from hell. Did not this look like frank abdication in favor of the pushing, planning, audacious understanding which was fast taking matters into its own hands? The critical spirit was abroad. Belief in spiritual truths was declining. Faith in spiritual principles was ebbing out, and religion could not rally it to any standard of authority. The noble ark, built aforetime to rescue a race from drowning, whose keel was laid by apostles, whose ribs were set by the fathers and doctors of the church, whose timbers were trinity, deity of Christ, predestination, election, atonement, justification, at whose helm stood the Saviour, in whose sails blew the gales of the Holy Spirit, was withdrawn from the broad ocean of the world's activity, and used as ferry-boat on the river Styx. Not only did faith yield to its foes; it celebrated their victory. That God was no longer in the world, nor had a living representative here; that only infidels pretended to hear his voice or see his face or feel the pressure of his bosom; that the faith had been given to the apostles once and for all; that the Bible, an exception to all literature, was its only text-book, — were articles of the vulgar creed. Announcement was made to the effect that the Holy Ghost would no more meddle with mundane affairs, if the mundane intellect would no more meddle with it. Intellect should have its way, and freedom to walk in it rejoicingly on the easy condition that it would ask no impertinent questions. It might even call itself believing, and draw a blessing from heaven on its head by resigning its right to think of spiritual things, and denying that any beam of celestial illumination ever did or could reach its eye. Religion thus fairly ran away from the earth; it begged men not to pursue; it cried, "I have nothing to do with you. Pray let me alone. All I ask is that the mind and heart and conscience and will of man will go about their business. They shall have a chance at heaven, if they will give up all hope of getting there on their own feet."

The position of religion was even abject before the conquering worldly spirit. The smallest favors were gratefully received. If Daniel Webster spoke a good word for the Bible, the ministers had it in their sermons the next Sunday. If the Emperor Napoleon condescended to say that Jesus was a great man, prayer-meetings testified their thankfulness for the patronage. If Henry Clay praised the Christian religion, his dueling and slaveholding were forgotten in the joy.

But meanwhile, things on earth did not go altogether divinely. In the absence of religion, something else was abroad. Pauperism was increasing: vice was gaining ground. While religion looked after original sin, common-place sin of every kind abounded. Politics were avowedly atheistic. The slave power was laying the whole land under its spell. Greed, ambition, talent, were its servants. Religion saved its life by rushing into its arms.

At first, there was promise of something better in the liberal faith. But that was too feeble to trust itself alone. The cautious leaders held back the advancing column. They feared philosophy; they dreaded criticism: they had an interest, too, in the Stygian ferry-boat which they were unwilling to sacrifice. Mr. Emerson's wonderful address to the Cambridge divinity students — the deepest word spoken up to this hour — was declared the latest form of infidelity. Pierpont suffered in the estimattion of the sect for his devotion to temperance. Channing lost favor through his interest in the slave.

Am I mistaken in thinking it was this abdication of religion, this confession of inability to legitimate spiritual truths, this failure to make them operative in human affairs, this sense of spiritual unreality, this faith in the divine absenteeism, this sacred prohibition of the Holy Ghost that stirred the soul of Theodore Parker? Am I mistaken in thinking that the bitterness of his hate toward the popular theology was due to his belief that the theology was mainly answerable for the atheism he deplored? That hatred seems to some excessive, to some unreasonable, to some unphilosophical, to some malignant, to some nothing short of blasphemous. But I feel called on here to declare my conviction that at least it was HUMAN. This antipathy was not so much a scholar's aversion to something illiterate, nor a critic's dislike of something crude, nor a philosopher's scorn of something irrational, nor a sage's contempt of something superstitious, as it was a man's detestation of something that, in his belief, defrauded man of his birthright.

That religion failed to communicate the regenerating spirit, was a grievous fault, but not in Parker's judgment the worst fault. It *discredited* the regenerating spirit. To leave men to their own devices, was to serve them an ill turn; but; to drain off the only power that would help them in their devices; to take their faith out of their existence; to leave their outward and inward life unsheltered; to demand that they should bestow the priceless tribute of worship on a book, a creed, an altar; to take the real value out of their living souls, and give them a fictitious value, as things that might be saved or lost in some unknown state of being, — seemed to him intolerable.

Hence the fury, hence what many call the recklessness of his assault. He wanted to break the popular theology down. No business was it of his to quality it, modify it, explain it, account for it, show its deeper significance, draw out its hidden senses, tell men what it meant once, and might to pious souls mean still; his business was to destroy it by thunder and lightning. We all know how he did it; but it is for me to say once more, and with the firmest tone at my command, that his assault on the popular theology was made in the interest of religion. A terrible idol-breaker he was; and the idols he shattered were no images of wood or stone but the deities of Christendom's adoration — the venerable rites, the saving creeds, the sacramental Scriptures, the emblems of beauty, and the symbols of faith. His battle-ax fell on foreheads whereon worship had set its star. Remembering this, I still say, that, ruthless iconoclast as he was, he dashed no idol, except he thought he might reveal a God.

In fact, the soul of Parker's life was the purpose to restore religion to its rightful supremacy over the lives of men. He saw it stripped of authority: he wished to crown it. He saw it driven into a corner; he wished to vindicate its claim to regard. He saw it flouted by science, neglected by literature, patronized by philosophy, mocked at by politics, he wished to make these interests feel that from her they draw their life. He saw it pushed out of the natural world into the ghostly region of the supernatural; he wished to exhibit it as the life of nature, the very essence of the human. He saw it surging over men's heads a terror, he wished to show it dwelling in men's breasts a joy.

With a faith in the universe that would have been sweet in a child, and daring in a seraph, Parker affirmed religion to be a primeval element in the constitution of man. Intellect, feeling, conscience, will, were but steps toward piety, devotion, knowledge, and obedience to the Supreme. I do not reason out the existence of God, he said: I *know* God. I do not go to the Bible for leave to hope in immortality. My heart tells me I am immortal. My belief in the sovereignty of the moral law, is not conditioned on the authenticity of Mathew, or the historical position of Jesus. The moral law is enthroned in my bosom. My whole being confesses its power. Were the gospel a fiction, and Christ a myth, the eternal right would be the eternal right; truth, honesty, kindness, justice, would sit easily on their thrones, and men would be constrained to kneel. Talk of secular knowledge, of profane truth! All knowledge is holy. All truth is of God. Every faculty leads to bliss. Every instinct opens toward heaven. Every interest implicates the soul. Reason perceives divine verities as the eye perceives stars. Man is a *religious being.* Everywhere he worships; everywhere he sacrifices; everywhere he builds up dogmas; everywhere he hungers for heaven; everywhere he writes bibles. Parker's life-work was a book designed to show how deep, how universal, how indestructible a thing, religion was. * * * —*The Radical.*

—It is not only natural, but right, that every man should love his own country the best; that he should rejoice with her in her rejoicings, and weep with her in her sorrows; that he should glory in her virtues, and in the correction of her faults,

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 21, 1869.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

When for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Mid the crowds that come to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven—
Listening to the echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for, here?

Then will one approach the brink
With a hand extended,
One whose thoughts I love to think
Ere the vale was rended,
Saying, "Welcome! we have died,
And again are side by side"?

Saying, "I will go with thee,
That thou be not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery;
I have waited only
Until now to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery"?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal
Drop away, like foliage sear,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and glow!

I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them.
But at first, without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go
Up the holy mountain;
Drop by drop within us flow
Life's unfailing fountain.
Angels sing with crowns that burn;
We shall have a song to learn.

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other—
Who his Well Beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer, when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the Silent River.
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou Life-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore
Where mine own have gone before!

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

[Notwithstanding that the author has entitled this "An Incredible Story," the details of the narrative are by no means impossible. Without mentioning the numerous well-authenticated cases of double consciousness on record, we will refer our readers to the single instance of Mary Reynolds, as given upon competent authority, in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1860. Miss Reynolds not only entered upon a second life, in which the memory of the past was totally obliterated, but her temperament and disposition were wholly altered by the change.—*Editor Harper's Weekly.*]

I. — "SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

The fierce rays of an almost tropical sun at high noon slanted through the open windows of Magnolia Cottage, where Heinrich von Wetzlar stood by the bedside of his deceased wife. His little daughter Annette — a girl of five years — stood at his side; but, for all that, he was alone — alone, though a troop of men and angels had surrounded him; for what can disturb the desert solitude which Death flings about itself as a broad mantle, and about all who enter its presence? The very fulness of life on that summer noon, hints of which were borne through the windows with the stately sighings of the wind and the fragrance of Southern flowers, intensified and heightened, by contrast, the rigor and abysmal silence of that slumber upon which Von Wetzlar intently gazed.

That terrible scourge of New Orleans — the yellow-fever — had visited the city with unusual severity. Magnolia Cottage was situated in one of the least-crowded quarters of the city; yet this locality had not escaped the fate of the others. Von Wetzlar's young wife had devoted herself day after day to visiting and nursing the sick in her neighborhood, until she herself was stricken down by the disease, of which she soon became a victim. Fate had in its quiver no arrow so poignant as this which suddenly pierced the heart of the fond husband.

Heinrich von Wetzlar was a German, of Hebrew lineage on his father's side. His father, Otto von Wetzlar, had resided in Louisiana for a short time, years ago, and had there married Heinrich's mother, but immediately after this event had returned to his home in Vienna. While Heinrich was a mere boy, his mother died; the frail Southern lady pined in vain for her genial native air. Then Otto von Wetzlar married again. This second wife — step-mother to the motherless boy — proved a curse to Otto's declining years. Partly to escape her tyranny, and partly moved by the remembrance of his mother's glowing pictures of Southern life, young Heinrich fled from Vienna to Italy, where he devoted himself to art. Dreamer and poet he had always been. His temperament, inherited from his mother, induced to contemplation; his large, lustrous, hazel eyes betokened at once the passionate eagerness of inquiry and a disposition toward mysticism. His keen analysis drove him from all the ordinary positions quietly assumed by the mass of men as to the great questions affecting human life and destiny; but, as if finding no rest beyond these landmarks, his soul seemed to wander ever in that shadowy borderland where the real blends so readily with the ideal, and the visible receives the mantle of the invisible.

After a residence of some years in Italy, he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit his mother's native land. He came to New Orleans, and there, encouraged by the patronage of a few friends who had known his father, he easily contrived to satisfy his material wants, which were few and simple. Here he met Louise Darvon. At this time he was over thirty, while she was only sixteen. She was a simple French maiden of Huguenot ancestry — a girl who could scarcely have attracted attention by her beauty; and her parents were plain people with moderate means. Her education had been of the simplest sort, and she had had none of that *dislingue* style which often in the world's estimate supplies the want both of wealth and beauty. But Heinrich von Wetzlar judged not after the way of the world. He had lived for the most part a solitary life. He was now in the prime of manhood, but the dreams of his youth still lingered with him, though his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by a ripened judgment.

Heinrich and Louise seemed to be spiritual counterparts; and there was a rare completeness, therefore, in their marriage. She was simple, earnest, and pure in heart. He was noble, and inspired in her a sense of grandeur. His wonderful subtlety of thought, his wealth of emotion, and the spirituality of his nature, introduced her into a new world, where he was always her teacher. She could liken him to no one she had ever seen or heard of, until he told her of Mendelssohn, whose music they interpreted together, and some of whose literary productions he read to her — then she thought he must be like Mendelssohn. Their chief delight was in music, which became to them a sort of universal language. His very conversation seemed to echo to grand old Hebrew melodies, and as she listened, it seemed as if the winds wafted fragrance and repose to her from distant Palestine. If her spirit soared to meet his, so that her love was almost adoration, it was also true that his grand sympathies found, through her humble, womanly charity, a way to their expression in the trodden ways of life.

This beautiful life they had lived together for six years, and now the end had come. Von Wetzlar was startled, bewildered, stunned. It was as if the repose of heaven had been broken. The dearness of this woman and his need of her had never before been so sensibly felt. He stood upon the brink of an abyss which his thoughts — subtle and deep as they were — could not compass or fathom. His soul was moved to its depths. To such men the tragedy of such infinite loss is not simply solemn. It is a great Agitator. It is not strange, therefore, that to Von Wetzlar, in the presence of this mighty sorrow, the great problem of human destiny — as it seemed to him — namely, the question of a future life, presented itself anew. But, eager as were the questionings of his soul, he seemed confronted by a sphinx that answered only in riddles. The suggestions of his intellect seemed almost cruel, intruding as they did into the sacred presence-chamber of his tenderest emotions.

"Is this the end?" he asked. "In the midst of all this life has my Louise drooped as do the flowers, to fall away into a mere heap of dust? Even the crazy old alchemists had a fancy that, by some magical process, they could restore from the dust of the rose at least its phantom — a semblance of the real flower. Is not the Divine chemistry as potent as that? It can not be that my rose is lost to me forever!" He reviewed in thought the testimony of the race; he recalled *Phædo* and the sublime passages in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. Then that movement of the glorious oratorio of the "Messiah" swept over his soul — so susceptible to the impressions of music — "I know that my Redeemer liveth." But still he was not satisfied. The calm surface of his thoughts had been disturbed by the heavy plummet of Death, and the waves still undulated in ever-widening circles toward an uncertain shore. Oh, if the Master could have spoken to his heart as he did to the house of Jairus: "She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

II. — APOCALYPTIC.

The dead in this time of peril were hurriedly buried. As the sun declined, the face of Louise, after receiving the last fond kisses of the husband and daughter, was hid from their view, and they followed her to her resting-place in the French cemetery.

Two men met the sombre cortege as it returned from the cemetery, whose characters must here be described. They were not together, but met the procession at different stages of its course.

One of these was Doctor Eugene Gurdon, who had just issued from his library in his mansion on Carondelet Street. Both by his dress and his walk it could be seen that he was a fastidious gentleman of easy manners and perfect self-possession. In his tastes and mental constitution, he was very much of a Parisian. He was a passionate lover of the beautiful, and shrank from ugliness and deformity with almost a shudder. Yet this man, to whom disease was disgusting, made it the great study of his life. This lover of the beautiful spent no small portion of his time in anatomical dissections. The sight of pain was a torment, but he was so skillful in its alleviation, that he was the most promising young surgeon in New Orleans.

As he met the procession, and could see through the windows of the leading carriage the sorrow-stricken faces of Von Wetzlar and his little girl, his heart was touched, and he said to himself, "Alas, how sad!" for the frequency of such spectacles in those death-crowded days did not diminish the profoundness of his sympathy. Looking into his naturally cheerful, but now somewhat pensive face, and into his clear gray eyes that almost changed their color under the influence of emotion, you would have said: "This man is a child of nature — open as men rarely are to all material influences, palpable or subtle. His smile answers to the faintest gleam of sunshine, and his heart is swayed by cloud and storm; and although he is so much of a philosopher, his philosophy affords no shield to cover, no mask to disguise his susceptibility."

The other man to whom we alluded, was Pierre Martin. As he met the procession, he also looked upon the faces of the chief mourners, and knew that Louise Von Wetzlar had been buried. He gazed with stolid indifference upon the insignia of their great sorrow. He had once been a lover of Louise — if any thing could be called love which was cherished in Martin's heart; it was certainly the purest and worthiest emotion that had ever entered there. But she, with that unerring intuition which belongs to such pure, spiritual natures, had avoided him from the first, until at length his passionate love had been turned to bitter hate.

Martin was a thoroughly selfish man. He was endowed with a very fair exterior, with a strong intellect, and with consummate impudence. He loved intrigue, and delighted in playing upon other men as upon the strings of an instrument. He had acted upon the stage, had written stray articles for the press, and was now a sort of attache to the Medical College which he had entered some years before, and where he still lingered, not as a student, but upon good terms with all.

He had been sauntering along the street, but as the procession passed him his eyes were arrested as by some suddenly-conceived purpose. "Ah!" he chuckled to himself — "a capital idea! Bold — but why not? Faint heart never won fair lady. Eh, let us see!" and he turned down toward the river-side, still chuckling to himself as one might over some splendid joke. Reaching the levee, his attention was directed toward a group of seamen lounging about the wharf, where lay a steamer that to-morrow was to take departure for some distant port. A conversation followed in low tones between Martin and two or three of this group whom he had drawn aside. Some bargain was completed, apparently, for as Martin left them he slipped a few gold pieces into their hands.

When we left Doctor Gurdon, he was on his way to a remote and solitary cottage in the outskirts of the city, occupied by a young medical student, whose name was Spaulding, and who was a friend and protege of the Doctor. This youth ushered the Doctor into a parlor where three or four other students were evidently awaiting him. This was the "Gurdon clique," which pursued investigations on its own account; it was a kind of episode, as related to the regular operations of the College. The Doctor was to lecture to this select company this evening on the Structure of the Human Brain; and Pierre Martin had engaged to provide a suitable "subject" for additional investigations in the apartment adjoining the parlor, and which was known as the "Dissecting-Room." He had provided "subjects" in this way on previous occasions.

Doctor Gurdon entered upon his preliminary lecture, which was interesting and decidedly original. An hour passed. It was ten o'clock, and no advices had been received from Martin. But the topic of the evening was one of absorbing interest, and the Doctor continued his lecture. His mind was abundantly stored with narratives of peculiar psychological experiences illustrating his theories. After midnight a knock at the outer door was recognized as Martin's. The long-expected Something was hurriedly transferred to the dissecting-room, where the mysterious parcel was opened by Spaulding and Martin. Two dark blue eyes opened slowly, that should have been forever sealed, and Pierre Martin was confronted by a living face that should have belonged to the dead. He gave one look of astonishment and terror, and then, without a word, fled from the house as if pursued by a phantom.

The other students were abruptly dismissed without knowing the details, and Spaulding and Doctor Gurdon were left alone with their strange and unaccountably-proceeding Subject.

III. — THE SECOND LIFE.

A transformation had been wrought — a miracle scarcely less wonderful than that of resurrection. It was not simply the awakening, as from a sleep, of one who had seemed dead, and who had been laid away for an everlasting slumber. It was a new life. The eyes so familiar to Pierre Martin had not recognized him. The world upon which they opened seemed as new as it does to a new-born child. The past to this awakened sleeper was literally a blank. This woman was mentally an infant. The words which fell upon her ears seemed meaningless, and she could utter none in reply. She was carried away in a carriage, which Spaulding had procured, to Doctor Gurdon's mansion, where she was placed in the care of the Doctor's housekeeper — the only other occupant of his house. In all mental affairs — in all respects, indeed, except as to her age — she was a child; though she learned more rapidly than a child could have done.

Doctor Gurdon's mansion was well suited to his character. It was costly and beautiful, was furnished with all the elegance that the most refined taste could suggest or that wealth made possible, and was surrounded with beautiful grounds. It was in this bright home of luxury and art that his "patient" began her new life. The Doctor at first regarded her with a simply speculative interest. She was a case, however, science yielded to sentiment. For this woman in her new life was very attractive. She was as different from her former self as a butterfly from the chrysalis. As Louise Darvon or Louise von Wetzlar, she had been a simple, earnest, spiritual being, self-sacrificing, and the very impersonation of charity. The brain is the flower of the body; and it seemed that out of the dust of the flower which had matured and decayed, a new and different flower had blossomed. Serious she had been; now she was gay. She had been deep-natured; now the movement of her thoughts was light and airy. Perhaps the change could not be more happily expressed than by likening it to the transformations which have affected whole races, bearing them from their rude Pelasgian life into their Hellenic or artistic era. Only these were gradual changes as compared with the sudden and almost miraculous transformation which had here been effected.

It is not wonderful that Dr. Gurdon found in this woman so much to study, nor that his studies grew to have an additional interest from the beginning of love for her in his heart. But whenever he thought of her past he was puzzled. He did not even know her name. Who had she been? There was no clew to the mystery. She remembered absolutely nothing. It is true, however — and this should be mentioned here for the benefit of those interested in the purely psychological features of her case — it is true that when she happened to be in places that ought to have seemed familiar, there did come to her inner sense a vague shadow of reminiscence — something that could scarcely be called an impression, it was so faint and indistinct. Especially was she haunted by this ghost of reminiscence when she was in the French cemetery (it was there that the Darvons had all been buried), which she quite frequently visited during the summer that followed her strange resurrection. This puzzled her, and caused her to linger about the place, as one which was in some way connected with the inexplicable wonder of her life. But the idea was as faint and shadowy as the fragrance of the flowers that decorate the tombs around her.

Doctor Gurdon had never told her of even the single fact of which he was cognizant. He intimated that she had been ill, and had been placed in his charge in so accidental a manner that he did not and could not learn her name even. With this she was forced to be content. She knew that the Doctor loved her, and she was perfectly happy in loving him.

But he was troubled by a horrible doubt. He feared some possible interruption of this new life — either through her return to her former mental state, or through some intrusive claim from others who had known her, and who might discover her present retreat. He therefore guarded her most jealously, and felt anxious when she was out of his sight. After all, his great fear was Pierre Martin, who must be able, he thought, to bridge over the hiatus between the two lives of this woman.

IV. — THE TOKEN.

Heinrich von Wetzlar, since the loss of his wife, had again become a recluse. A year had passed, and still the sharpness of his grief had not been diminished. Notwithstanding his doubts in regard to the reality of a future life, he felt that a tremendous affirmative argument now existed for him in the necessity of an unseen world to his individual soul, since his Louise belonged to that world.

The old desire to wander had returned, and he contemplated an early departure for Europe. With this in view he went, toward the close of a summer afternoon, to visit the French cemetery for the last time.

This cemetery was peculiar. The dead there were not interred underground, but laid away in vaults, one above another, on either side of a long aisle, where one might walk and look upon the outer gates of these silent chambers of the dead, with decorations of flowers and crosses resting upon their projecting marble sills. Along this aisle Von Wetzlar walked until he came before the chamber allotted to his wife. As he halted and gazed upon the portal, stooping somewhat as he leaned upon his staff, one could see that he had grown many years older since that marble entablature had sealed from his vision the dear companion of his soul. As he gazed he seemed to be transported back to that summer noon, a year ago, when the shock of death first fell upon his heart. His soul was not now agitated as it had been then. At first the marble repose of the place though in some sort a symbol of death, soothed and invited him. Then the suggestions of life that were thrown out even here seemed to answer his old doubts and to give him hope. The clambering roses and the trailing ivy towered above the stony silence, as if hinting of ever-flowing change, as if whispering to his heart: "There is no place of rest! For see! out of the very dust life rises tremblingly but triumphantly over the mask of Death."

He remembered how this same idea of life and motion, as contrasted with deathlike stillness, had once occurred to him in reading that passage in the Twelfth Odyssey, where Homer describes the cave of the Naiads. It all came back to him now — the picture of the Naiads weaving forever at lone stone looms and of the wild bees humming and honey-making round cups and casks of stone, while evermore the waves entered and broke upon the stony floor.

The fading sunlight flashed across the dear name of the departed, and Von Wetzlar still gazed intently as if there were something still to come, and for which he waited. Might not the veil of separation be removed but for one moment! And, as if in answer to his thought, there, in the clear light of day, almost at his side, stood the living form of Louise! There she stood, with one finger raised to her forehead as if she were trying to solve some hard riddle — stood thus for one moment, and then fled as from a haunted corridor.

As for Von Wetzlar, astonished at this heaven-sent vision, as it seemed to him, and overwhelmed with the ecstasy of that glorious moment, he sank to his knees and buried his face in his hands. When he left the cemetery a few minutes later his face beamed with the smile of assured hope.

The next day he sailed for Europe; and on the very evening of his departure Doctor Gurdon gave his own name to the nameless woman who had fallen so strangely in his way.

V. — THE END.

Doctor Gurdon had rightly conjectured that Pierre Martin knew his wife's past history. But he had not met Martin since that memorable night at Spauldings, though he had sought him diligently. Yet the object of his search had all the while been hovering closely about, and had kept himself well informed as to the movements both of the Doctor and of his patient. It was only now that his time had come — now, when the developments over which he had kept watch had been fully matured, and the marriage had taken place.

Martin's diabolical scheme, conceived on that evening when he had [illegible] the rumors to assist him in carrying out his design, had contemplated nothing beyond the satisfaction of his malice toward Von Wetzlar and his wife. He was startled — actually confounded, at first — by the result of that night's work; and after his astonishment had somewhat subsided he was led by curiosity to see what would follow. We can easily imagine his surprise at the ensuing events, and especially at the marriage. Why had not Louise fled? her movements appeared to be free from restraint. Why had she not returned to her proper husband? Was she capable of actual guilt? As a spy, watching from a distance, he could not answer these questions.

Martin's plans were soon formed. Doctor Gurdon was rich, while he, poor devil, as he called himself, was in need of money. By working upon the Doctor's fears he might put money in his purse. And as to Louise herself — but she was an impenetrable mystery! A few weeks after the wedding Martin appeared at the Doctor's house to pay his respects to the bride and bridegroom. To his astonishment (was there no end of wonders?) she did not know him. She seemed to him more beautiful and fascinating than ever in the old time. She was the same, yet not the same. Her dress, her air, her whole expression had changed. It was the old flower with a new and different fragrance. While he stood entranced with wonder, he was aroused by the touch of the Doctor's hand upon his shoulder, followed by the request for a private interview in the library. He readily acceded, and a few words from the Doctor explained the situation.

"You know, Martin," inquired the Doctor, anxiously — "you know who this woman was?"

"Yes, I know something, not much; but the disclosure of that little is a serious affair for me."

"It may be serious for me too. And meagre as your information may be, it is invaluable to me. I would give thousands to know all, even the worst."

"Oh, it is not so very bad, Doctor. You see she had been the inmate of an insane asylum for a number of years, took the fever, died apparently, and was buried. You know the rest."

This invention of Martin's lulled the Doctor's fears, and his gratitude for relief made him generous. So that this brief interview satisfied Martin's cupidity as well as his curiosity, and he left the house with a valuable check in his portemonnaie, one that would go a great way, spendthrift though he was.

But he could not keep away from the larger prize. If the Dotcor could win Louise, why need he despair? Had he not rescued her from the grave? Did she not belong to him? Then, he remembered, she had not shown toward him any of that repugnance which she had formerly exhibited. In a short time they even became friends, and the Doctor was compelled to suffer this for fear of offending one whom, in his heart, he despised. Evidently, whatever Louise had gained in her new life, she had lost those spiritual intuitions which had guided and guarded her in her first estate.

As Martin's power over Louise increased, he also did his hold upon her husband. He professed to be making a more careful investigation as to Louise's antecedents. Little by little the truth came out — that she had been Heinrich von Wetzlar's wife. At first the Doctor would not believe it. But one day Martin took him to the French cemetery, and showed him the empty tomb. That was done in order to obtain more money; but at this time the attempt was vain. The Doctor, amazed and bewildered, hurried home. For hours he paced the floor of his library in a frenzy of agony. He loved Louise as his own soul. He could not give her up; and surely it could not conduce to her happiness to be restored to a life as alien to her as if it had never been hers. He went out into the open air. The sound of voices in the arbor, as he walked down the garden walk, attracted his attention. As he approached, unseen, he recognized the voices; they were Martin's and Louise's. He listened. It was evidently a leave-taking. Were these lovers? He peered through the thick leaves of the vine-clusters, and saw Martin standing by the side of Louise with his arm about her waist, and heard him ask, as he looked pleasingly down upon her innocent, upturned face,

"Shall it be to-morrow, dearest?"

In a moment Doctor Gurdon stood within the arbor. Before those cool, searching gray eyes, Martin winced, released his hold upon Louise, and slunk away without one word.

And she — she simply cast upon the recreant one a look of scorn and infinite loathing. The serpent, that just one moment ago had seemed so bold and beautiful with its shining crest, had resumed its natural habit, and was revealed as a creeping thing. Apollo had turned a coward! and she hated him. Turning to the Doctor, she fell powerless into his arms.

And as he sat there, holding her to his bosom, he knew for the first time how deeply and tenderly he loved her. And he did her justice. For he knew her as he had not known before. She had been simply a child in all this — free but guiltless. This second life, which she had lived before him, was as pure and holy as that of childhood, but also as undisciplined. It was a life in which all that was beautiful and strong called forth a frank and fearless response, but in which experience had furnished no principles for guidance and no test against disguised villainy. His own influence over her, and all the circumstances with which he had surrounded her, had tended to the development of such a life, and with just that one woful deficiency.

While he thought thus, she lay prostrate and nerveless in his arms. Gradually she began to realize her husband's presence. Then her apathy gave way to convulsive sobbing.

"Oh! take me away, Eugene; take me any where; I can not stay here!" she cried.

"Yes, darling, I will take you away," he said, kindly. "Do not be troubled. It was only a dream. It is all over now." And he carried her to her own room, where he left her in the care of his faithful old housekeeper.

Yes, he must go away — away from Martin, away from that cenotaph in the cemetery, the tablet upon which was photographed in his memory forever. It was now more than a year since his marriage, and a little daughter had been born to him; and here was another reason for flight.

In a few days Doctor Gurdon had secretly disposed of his estate; and one evening, with his wife and her infant daughter, accompanied by the housekeeper, now little Gertrude's nurse, he embarked for the North on a Mississippi steamer..

Two evenings later, as he was sitting near the guard enjoying his cigar and congratulating himself upon his happy escape from the troubles which had lately beset him, he looked around, and at his side stood Pierre Martin! They were alone. Foiled in his last hope and driven to despair, the Doctor seized his tormentor around the waist, and tried to throw him overboard. A struggle followed, which resulted fatally for both of the combatants. They went overboard, each grappling the other in a death-struggle. A deafening shriek was heard from Louise's state-room, from the window of which she had witnessed the fatal termination of the conflict. She was found upon the floor of her room, apparently lifeless.

Every effort was made to recover Martin and Gurdon, but in vain. Both had evidently been drowned.

For hours Louise remained in a trance-like swoon. When she awoke she did not recognize either her child or its nurse. She did not understand where she was, but murmured, "Heinrich — oh, Heinrich! where are you?" she was evidently now Louise von Wetzlar again, and in her thoughts was back in Magnolia Cottage. "I have been ill," she murmured. "Who are you? and where is Heinrich?" Gradually the old nurse communicated to her the events of the past two years, so far as she knew them, but Louise comprehended not one word. There was some dreadful mistake; she knew nothing of Doctor Gurdon, or, indeed, of any thing that was told her. Only yesterday, as it seemed to her, she was nursing the sick in New Orleans. It was long before she could believe in a life of which her consciousness gave no testimony. She finally found in Doctor Gurdon's trunk a statement which he had prepared, based upon Martin's story and his own investigations. She learned from this that Von Wetzlar had sold Magnolia Cottage — her parents having fallen victims to the yellow-fever shortly after her own supposed death — and that he had gone to Europe. Him she determined to find if the search consumed all that remained to her of life. For her child's (Gertrude's) sake she retained Doctor Gurdon's property, which was already in her possession, he having converted it all into ready money before his flight; she also kept the old housekeeper as nurse for Gertrude.

We need not follow in detail her search for her husband, which was continued during several years. She went to Vienna, to Rome, and almost over the entire Continent; to the East, to England; and at last, when she had quite given up in despair, she one day found him, almost by accident — or rather it should be said that little Annette von Wetzlar found her mother. This child had now grown into a girl of twelve years, and was staying with her father in the English Quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Main. One evening at sunset her attention was attracted by a bright little girl of about six years of age who was walking by with her old nurse, whom she was teasing by the sauciest gambols. Annette ran up to her and gave her some flowers, receiving a kiss in return, and an invitation to call and see her at her own home. Annette visited her the next day, and in the little girl found a step-sister. She also found her own mother. They recognized each other at the first, and Annette took her mother home with her. She spoke to her father, at first, that he might not be entirely unprepared.

"Oh, papa," she cried, as she entered his studio; "I have found mamma, and she is here."

He dropped his pencil and rose to his feet, and there she was before him — his lost Louise. He had no time for astonishment, for her arms were in a moment clinging about his neck, and they were laughing and crying all in one breath.

The two step-sisters, Gertrude and Annette, still live together at Frankfort. Louise is dead: but Von Wetzlar still lives, and is preparing a grand philosophical treatise on the Individual Human Consciousness, in which, as may be easily imagined, he considers that element of life to have been very much overestimated in its importance — at least in its connection with the vaster cycles of existence.—*Harper's Weekly.*

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

— After all, there are only two sorts of disease, says a French doctor, — one of which you die of, and the other of which you don't.

— A chap being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for a lazy man to attain so much education, answered: "I didn't — attain; I — just — heard — here — and — there — and was too lazy to forget."

Domestic Economy.—"Bridget, what became of the tallow I greased my boots with this morning?" "I fried the buckwheats in it." "Oh, I was afraid you had wasted it."

— Why will young fellows be such fools as to give their sweethearts locks of hair, when, after marriage, they can help themselves?

— A junior student at the Cornell University in rendering an account to his father of his last term's expenses, entered an item: "Charity, $30." His father wrote back: "I fear that 'charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

— A few days since, at Waterbury, Conn., a lawyer returned to the railroad ticket-agent at that place one dollar overpaid him in making change. For a moment the agent stood speechless, then, as the tears poured down his cheeks, he grasped him by the hand and exclaimed, "Please stand still one moment, sir, and let me look at you — and a lawyer, too!"

— A bachelor friend of ours passing up the street a few days ago, picked up a thimble. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, when pressing it to his lips, he said —

"Oh, that this were the fair lips of the wearer."

Just as he had finished, a big, fat, ugly-colored woman looked out an upper window, and said — "Boss, jis please frow dat fimble in de entry, I jis drap it."

Fair Retorts.—A party of young Americans were standing in front of an ancient saddler's shop, kept by one Hans, a Dutchman. Mischief reigned supreme in their number, and thinking to have some sport with our German friend, one of them opened the door and addressed him:

"I say, German, have you any saddles for dogs?"

Looking up from his work quite composedly, he replied:

"Yaw, come in unt dry von on."

That was not quite so good as the retort of a young son of Erin, aged about eight years. He was ragged and dirty, and some country excursionists overtaking him in the road, thinking to make some sport out of him, one of them said:

"I say, bub, have you seen an old Indian squaw coming along this way, with nothing but a white sheet around her, and a knife in her pocket?"

"Holy Patrick!" said the boy, quick as lightning: "have ye lost yer mother?"

— "My son," said a veteran at the foot of the stairs, "arise and see the newly risen luminary of the day, and hear the sweet birds singing their matin songs of praise to their Creator; come while the dew is on the grass, and the tender lambs are bleating on the hillside — come I say, or I'll be there with a switch and give you the cussedest licking you ever had."

— A butcher presented a bill for the tenth time to an old skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the butcher, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so; and I have called now to get it squared."

Hibernianisms.—A young servant-girl was told by her mistress to wash her clothes, and hang them on a horse to dry. Biddy having washed the articles, suddenly disappeared, and in about an hour returned, leading a donkey. "What on earth," says the lady, "do you want that for?" "Och, sure," cried Biddy. "I could not find a horse, but I've got a donkey and wont that do as well?"

Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he lay down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Bovus quickly tossed him over the fence again. Somewhat bruised, Patrick leisurely picked himself up, with the consolatory reflection: "Well, it is a mighty foine thing I had my laugh foorst."

An Irish lad complained the other day of the harsh treatment he had received from his father. "He treats me," said he, mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and mother."

Mike's master told him to go and grease the wagon. He returned after a while, and said:

"All the grease is gone, bad luck to it, sirrh."

"Why, Mike, I gave you enough to grease five or six wagons."

"If you plase, sir, I only got about half over the *top of the wagon* when the grace run out."

"Why, you blundering fool, I meant that you should grease the *wheels*, not the *wagon*."

"Sure you towld me to grace the wagon, sur."

"Now, sir," asked a police magistrate of a vagrant Irishman, "what motive brought you to London?" "The locomotive, sir."

— Young swell:— Don't go down Grand street, for I haven't paid my tailor his Christmas bill yet, and if he should see me, he might feel embarrassed."

— A knowing traveler out West, who had chartered half a bed in a crowded hotel, and was determined to have the better half, buckled a spur on his heel before turning in. His unfortunate sleeping partner bore the infliction as long as he could, and at last roared out:

"Say, stranger, if you're a gentleman, you ought to cut your toe-nails."

Not So Bad.—A Michigan sheriff had the misfortune to lose a prisoner, who escaped with nothing but his shirt. The same night, the wife of a neighbor presented him with a promising baby. He on hearing the officer's inquiries, thought to help him in securing his prisoner. He therefore informed the sheriff that a fellow had suddenly appeared at his house in the night, perfectly naked, acting quite strangely, and refusing to tell anything about himself, and that he had shut him up there till he could find out more about him. The officer's eyes stuck out like a steer's in the corn. That stranger was his huckleberry, and he posted for his friend's residence with a pair of handcuffs to make sure of him. Arrived there, he demanded to see the nocturnal visitor, when the nurse astonished his vision with the sight of a pretty respectably got-up baby. The constable fell back in good order, and has been out of town since "on business."

— A farmer who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of haymaking, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the grave: "It's a sad thing to lose a good mower in a time like this; but, after all, poor Tom was a great eater!"

— Conductor of railroad coach — "Indianapolis! Fifteen minutes for divorces!"

— Two friends, taking a walk on a turn-pike leading out from Baltimore, were passing a milestone inscribed "2M. to B." "Poor B——," said one of them; "a queer place for a grave, and a mean sort of a stone to mark it." "Why, it's a milestone, man!" said the other, innocently. "Is it, indeed! If '2M' don't spell *tomb*, I should like to know what it does spell?"

— An item for Sunday-schools is going the rounds. Here it is: "Good little girls will never meet the fate of Miss Frost, of Cleveland, who stole some pie from the cup-board, ate it, and then discovered it was poisoned with arsenic for the rats."

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 21, 1869.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

DIALOGUE NO. 1.

BY LAROY SUNDERLAND.

Writer.—I am now ready to answer those queries you wished to put to me, respecting the crucifixion of Jesus. Did he really expire upon the cross? I hope you will express your mind freely upon this question. Truth can have nothing to fear from its discussion.

Reader.—I shall indeed be happy to hear the conclusion at which you may have arrived on this subject. That you must have had unusual facilities for familiarizing your own mind with this problem, I cannot doubt. Your experience in "revivals of religion," so-called, and your observations in the field of experimental Psychology, must have taught you something, surely. The vigor of your manhood was spent, I believe, in theological studies. I heard of you at Andover, Mass., nearly forty years since, but, whether as a student or not, I am unable to say.

W.—My residence at that far-famed place was in the capacity of a clergyman. While I enjoyed all the privileges of the Theological Seminary, that I desired, the students and some of the officers often attended my preaching, and with some of them I now and then had discussions, as I never subscribed to the Articles of Faith taught there. And I may remark, in passing, that in that Theological manufactory, professors are required to repeat, every fifth year, an oath affirming their continued belief in Calvinism. And the late Dr. Leonard Woods, Prof. of Theology at Andover, after listening to one of my discourses against Calvinism, said to me that he had never before heard from any other opponent so accurate and candid a statement of his own theological views, as he had heard from me on that occasion.

R.—I do not see why we might not hope, that a commendation from an Orthodox authority as high as that, should not have some weight in the minds of the candid among our Christian friends, and from whom we should expect a candid hearing on the subject now before us.

R.—But it is characteristic of all forms of faith, based on supernalism, that they fear discussion. The minister in the pulpit, and the religious newspapers, utter their own views without discussion, and have their own way in all things.

R.—I have seen it stated that more than forty years ago, you were somewhat popular as a "revival minister," and that the form of religious epidemics known as "revivals," followed wherever you went "preaching the word." "Converts were multiplied to you as seals of your ministry," and "stars in your crown of rejoicing."

W.—In this work I was constantly engaged from 1823 to 1840. And during this period, I may say that I had opportunities the most ample, for acquainting myself with the mental machinery by which all "revivals" are "got up." I know from long and varied observation, what is meant by "revival measures," and revival ideas of an angry God, and an old boss devil, and an eternal hell of fire and brimstone. A religious revival was never "got up" that was not started by an idea of the devil joining with the notion as to God's failure in the creation of man, "conviction for sin," "repentance," "prayer," "faith," "the new birth," "the witness of the spirit," "the love of God shed abroad in the heart," and "sanctification." Each have a meaning in revivals, but are senseless terms when not based upon a cognate idea of the devil, which goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The motive, however, in getting up all revival epidemics, is faith, yes, faith in an angry God, in an omnipresent devil, and a death, a real death, upon a Roman cross in Jerusalem.

R.—And I can see, my friend, how it is that your experience in this capacity, must have been of vast advantage to you, in the study of Human Nature and the laws of the Human mind. Surely, there must be something in the mental phenomena, peculiar to the Camp-meeting pic-nic, the "love feast," the "class meeting," and the "Four Day's Meetings," suggestive, in respect to Pathetism, to all candid and reflective minds.

W.—Yes, and I have only to request, that, as we proceed in this investigation, you will bear in mind, the training, the education, which has prepared the writer, for the opinion he now utters. Whatever was necessary for the understanding of "the Scriptures," he studied conscientiously and thoroughly, so that whatever the views may now be at which he has arrived respecting the dogmas of sectarianism, the Bible is responsible for these views. In the beginning this book was received as a supernal revelation, precisely as was alleged in Orthodox, Theological Schools, and by the "Authorizing Expounders" of "God's holy Word." And I may add, that up to the time these views were formed, the writer had never read any deistical or infidel writings whatever. His text-book was the "Holy Bible," in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and its commentators, Scott, Clarke, Benson, Coke, Wesley, and Henry. His reading comprised, Edwards, Toplady, Fletcher, Wesley, Dwight, Watson, Clarke, and others, as no writer on the subject of Divinity of any note was omitted. Whatever reading was considered necessary for a thorough understanding of the Bible, whatever study was necessary to a knowledge of its teachings, that I diligently perused. Nor do I know of any priest or minister now living who was, as Paul said, "in labors more abundantly," than the writer, in this behalf.

R.—And it would be interesting, I doubt not, to be able to trace your own modes of thought, so as to notice how this change of ideas has been made in your own mind.

W.—Yes; but, my friend, could you, yourself, tell, when and how you passed from infancy to childhood, and, from adolescence to maturity? I could not tell, precisely, when or how, I outgrew the little coat I wore when a boy. It is not necessary, nor, perhaps, possible, for the human mind to take cognisance of the destined degrees of its own development. But we can perceive how it is that *ideas* become a POWER in the human mind. And here is one of which I may say I became fully conscious about thirty years ago, and as that idea was developing in my mind, the mists of the old theology were cleared away from my understanding as mists often disappear from the earth by the rays of the morning sun. The *idea* here referred to is the basic foundation of the Christian scheme of salvation by the death of Jesus upon the cross. And the *idea* is this, that *God made a failure in the creation of man!* This physical world is perfect; all the physical worlds in the whole universe are perfect. The vegetable kindom is perfect, and so is the one above, a perfect animal kingdom. But when God came to make the Human Mind, he *failed*, and God was disappointed; as the Hebrew reads "*God cried in his heart*," that he had made man on the earth.

R.—Really, it never occurred to me in this light before. And now I perceive how one false *idea* necessitates a number of other cognate ideas for its support. Starting with this notion as to God's *failure*, we can see what the death of Jesus was for; as all the prayers of Christendom, all the "revival measures" and the "missionary labors," now and heretofore put forth, are for counteracting the dire results of God's failure in the creation of man!

W.—True, while the fact remains unexplained, that the Bible account of this matter represents God as having determined on the destruction of all the race, except Noah and family, and executing this determination, as the very best method which the Divine wisdom could devise as a remedy for its own failure in man's creation! Nor does it appear that up to the time of this destruction of the race by a flood, the idea of the death upon the cross, or any such measures as are involved in "revivals of religion" had ever entered into the Divine plan at all. Nor is this all; for since the flood, we are told that this measure was also a *failure*, and hence, it became necessary for God to put Jesus to death on the cross, as a "full satisfaction" for the failure he had made, both in the creation of man, and also in his attempt to remedy the mischief by the flood. And Jesus was put to death to appease the wrath which God felt in view of his own failure. Nor does the inconsistency stop here; for even the death of Jesus on the cross does not compensate for the failure in creation; it only opens the way for a part of the human family, so that man himself by "repentance," and "faith" in the atoning blood, may rectify God's failure. Hence prayers and "revival measures" are necessary, as without these, neither the flood, nor the death of Jesus on the cross, will be of any avail.

R.—I thank you, my friend, for this interview, and, if you please, would like to hear from you again.

Quincy, Mass., July 29, 1869.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

He was born at Newport, R. I. His father, a highly respected lawyer, patriotic citizen, and exemplary man, died when William was ten years old; but the son soon took his father's place as the head of the family. His mother, Lucy Ellery, a noble woman, whose affection was as vigilant as her character was firm, bequeathed also rare virtues to this child of her love and pride. There is an old square frame house at the sequestered angle of School and Mary streets, where the Channing family long resided, and nine children were born and bred. There is an extensive garden in the rear, and there used to be a little office at the side, where William's lamp was seen burning by the solitary passer far into the night. As I lately explored the large square rooms, with their paneled walls and heavy window-frames—the upper casements yielding a view of the sea—and looked over the then dreary old garden, the anecdotes of Channing's filial devotion, his childhood's rectitude and dignity, the stern self-denial of his youth, the privations he suffered, and the principles he adopted in manhood, the deep inward struggle, thirst for truth, sense of the beautiful, aspirations for the right, and loyalty to faith and freedom, blended with my vivid memory of his pulpit eloquence, the deep tones of his thrilling voice, the grand sincerity and tender earnestness which seemed to consecrate his words and now hallow his image to the imagination. Here at the dawn of feeling and fancy, he "breathed an atmosphere of freedom." The beach and the library were his cherished resorts; thence he went crowned with maternal benedictions, first to Cambridge for his education, and then to Richmond, as tutor in the Randolph family, and finally to Boston, to minister, not so much to a parish, as at the altar of humanity, and carry into the secret depths of countless hearts a new and consecrating sense of the holy possibilities of our destiny—the sacred rights, duties, and progressive capabilities of our nature—the divine intent and consecration of life. The record of his boyhood and youth at Newport coincides with his subsequent career. Elastic by temperament, earnest in feeling, with manly pride and sensitive conscience, his school-fellows called him little King Pepin and the Peacemaker. He was their brave champion, their acknowledged and intellectual leader—chosen as the juvenile orator on the occasion of Rochambeau's visit, when they marched to salute his arrival. Many are the current traditions which prove that, as a boy, "he was ignorant of fear," and "had a horror of cruelty," and shared all he had and was with his comrades. It was this original basis of courage, probity, and generous instincts, that made him a man of ethical genius. Strong in mental, he was delicate in physical qualities, thus mingling will, intelligence, and sensibility, the elements of moral heroism; therefore was Channing magnetic; the tremulous earnestness of his tones outweighed all rhetorical artifice; and his written words, by the lucid emphasis of candid conviction, won and warmed such men as Kossuth and Laboulaye, and such women as Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville, and Lucy Aikin. Nowhere is the cause of freedom and justice, the essential dignity of human nature and the legitimate progress of society pleaded with more candid and gracious emphasis than in his writings; their charm is vital, their influence pervasive, though little appreciated among the conventional critics and superficial observers of his own country.—*H. T. Tuckerman, in Harper's Magazine.*

WE ARE WRITING OUR HISTORY.

BY MOSES HULL.

Man writes continually—does nothing but write—is born into this world with a pen in his hand, on purpose to write his own history. Could all realize that their own history is legibly and *indelibly* written in every act of their lives—that every thought is penned, that upon every garment worn, or every thing handled, yes, upon every foot-track, is an indelibly and truthfully written history, whether they will or no—we would have a different world from this in which we live. Let the world awake to the thought that "the books shall be opened," and every one shall be judged by the record he has made, and there will be fewer blots and storms in the books of the life of the world, than now.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

[The following essay was read at the late anniversary exercises of Belvidere Seminary, N. J., by Miss ANNIE CARY, a Miss of fifteen years.—*Editor Universe.*]

The question "ought women to vote?" is one which is now claiming the respectful attention of the most intelligent minds of the age. In home circles, in public lyceums, and state conventions, the subject has been freely discussed; and, common-place as it may appear to some, I have chosen it for my theme to-day; not with any expectation of being able to do it justice, but simply to show my interest in the subject; for it is one which is so intimately connected with the highest interests of humanity, that, it seems to me, no person, not even *a school-girl*, should fail to express her thoughts and views concerning it whenever and wherever she may have a suitable opportunity.

As we have here been taught that honest opinions of the humblest minds are entitled to respect, differ they ever so widely from our own, I will not hesitate to express my thoughts on this important question. There are many women who say that they are satisfied with the privileges they already have, and are quite willing to let the men do the voting, make the laws, and attend to all public affairs. Such women, of course, are opposed to the movement in favor of Woman's Suffrage. They say they have all the rights they want; why should they bother themselves with asking for more? Such women are like some poor slave, who hugs the chains that are destroying his manhood. They are the hands of society which have been bandaged so long by custom, that all healthy action in them has ceased, and they hang paralyzed by the side of a toiling humanity.

I claim, that women have the same right to vote as men; but the privilege to exercise that right, has been, and still continues to be, unjustly denied them. It is one of the fundamental principles of our government, that there shall be no taxation without representation; yet this principle is set at naught every day in our land; for there are thousands of women whose property is taxed to support a government they have no voice in making. Taking it for granted, then, that women have an inalienable right to vote, the question arises, Ought she to exercise that right? Unhesitatingly I answer, she ought; and will, as she views the subject intelligently, and feels the moral power and influence which have been divinely delegated to her, and which are needed to make the ballot mean something more than a trickster's ball in a game of chance, where men stake justice and principle, for money and position.

"But," say some of our fastidious sisters, "you would'nt go to the polls and vote with the dirty Irishmen and mechanics, would you?" Yes, certainly, I would, is my reply, and I hope to have that privilege some day, when our brothers get a little more wisdom, and I a few more years of experience. As for the "dirty Irishmen and mechanics" of whom you speak so scornfully, I cannot see how they could hurt us, should we meet them at the polls for a few moments, any more than they do in our homes, where we often invite them to labor for us, at the theater, and other places of public amusement, where all classes of society meet and remain together for hours, without any fear of contamination from contact with those less refined and less cleanly in their personal habits than ourselves. Which is the worse, I wonder, to go to the polls and drop into the ballot-box a bit of paper, an act requiring but a moment to accomplish, or to sit in a crowded church, or street-car, for an hour, by the side of one whose breath is laden with the fumes of tobacco, or the odor of whisky?

"But," say some of our gentlemen friends, "the places where we have to go to vote are not fit for ladies to see, much less to enter; they are too disorderly and dirty. No lady of good taste and refinement would go into such disgusting places." Very well, sir, we are much obliged to you for that remark; it is rather a disgusting picture you offer us of the scenes at the polls: a dingy bar-room, with wine, whisky and cigars in abundance, or a dreary apartment in a court-house, with dust-covered furniture, floor strewn with cigar-ends, and sprinkled with tobacco juice; cobwebs for window-curtains, and broken chairs or stools for lounges; a disgusting picture it is indeed; but a beautiful argument, brothers, in favor of Woman's Suffrage. It shows *us* just what you need to help you along properly in governmental affairs. Give us the privilege, as we have the right, of voting, and we will go ourselves or send our faithful domestics before us to sweep, dust, and cleanse from its polluting filth, the haunts where you now congregate to preform the one act which proves to the world that you are free men, and not slaves or idiots; and as we purify the air about you, even so will we labor to purify the moral atmosphere surrounding you in such places. We will close your whisky-shops and gambling-rooms, and in the place of the rum-bottle and the fatal glass, we will put flowers and pictures. For your showers of tobacco-juice, we will substitute a new, clean carpet, with white curtains to suit it, at the windows, and we will thus make the polls a place fit, not only for man, but woman, to walk into and deposit his or her vote. Gentlemen, your own strong argument opposed to woman's voting, is here turned against you; and if you examine the question carefully, I think you will find all the rest susceptible of similar conversion.

When the laws made by a government fail to protect the life, liberty or property of any portion of its loyal subjects, then those subjects have a world-acknowledged right to rebel. Do our laws, let me ask, protect woman, her life, liberty and property, as they should? Let us see. When a man loses his wife, is there anything said about the property she left? Does any one ever hear it remarked that the husband is to have one-third of the estate, and the rest is to be divided among his children, giving the boys thrice the amount that falls to the girls? No! certainly not! the husband quietly takes possession of it all, and there is nothing said about a division of the property; but how is it when a woman loses her husband; can she do the same? No! Why? simply because the law does not recognize her as the equal of man. Here it steps in, appoints administrators to take care of *her own property*, and chooses guardians for her children; thus ranking her among the class of incompetents.

Why, pray, is this unjust distinction made? Simply because woman is not allowed to use the right, which would give her the power to protect herself from unjust laws. As soon as slavery was abolished, the philanthropists of the age, said, "Now we must give the poor oppressed freedmen the privilege of voting; and that will elevate them in their own estimation, and help to develope their manhood." To that end they have labored, and not in vain; but they seem to have overlooked the conclusion which forces itself upon our minds, that if the right of suffrage tends in any way to elevate man and give him higher aims and views of life, it must be attended with a similar result when the same privilege is extended to woman.

THE COMING CHURCH.

SKETCH BY N. SUMMERBELL, BIBLE CHAPEL.

TEXT.—"And he gave some apostles, and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."—Eph. iv. 11-13.

The church of the coming ages is destined to exist in a far different type from the church of the past. There may be struggles, and persecutions, and revolution; but the charm of priest-craft is broken, and the walls of superstition are crumbling. Rome may amuse herself with her easy conquests from the Anglican Church, but her power is melting away. Episcopacy may boast of its succession, but its days are numbered. Even Methodism with its Bishops of Presbyter-Ordination may boast of its Episcopal orders; but the day for the people to bow to a divine right of Bishops and Kings, is gone by. No great worldly organization, Catholic or Protestant, has ever existed, worthy the name of the Church of God. National corporations and sectional organizations, founded by Emperors, Kings and creed-makers, have not their origin in Christ, nor their foundation on Christ, but are the fragments of sloughed-off heresies, conglomerated with human philosophies. Not one of all the sects, Catholic or Protestant, could exist one moment in a pure Bible atmosphere.

Deprive them of human creeds and laws, and they would dissolve instantly. Their bread of life consists not of the heavenly manna, but of the husks. Jesus did not say of one of their creeds: "Flesh and blood hath not rendered it unto thee, but my Father which art in heaven." They can trace all their creeds back to Nice and Constantinople, and Westminster, and Augustine, Athanasius, Luther, Calvin and Wesley. They never approach nearer Jerusalem than these. It is, therefore, little to say that they have all failed. I do not mean to say that they have failed to build up powerful worldly corporations. This they have done in common with Mohammedans and Pagans. Even the Jews, persecuted and slaughtered for 1,800 years, without home or nation, are yet numerically stronger than many Protestant sects, more numerous than the Methodist, and more ancient than the Romans.

But the sects have succeeded in what Christ said that he came not to do, but have failed in what he did come to do. Jesus came not to establish an earthly kingdom, but they have succeeded in that. Jesus came not to lay up treasures on earth, but they have great wealth. Jesus came not to judge the world, but they have attained to this. But Jesus came to save the world, and in this they have failed. Two-thirds of the world yet lie in the unexplored darkness of Paganism and sin. There is no approach to the world's conversion. Fifteen hundred years finds it more remote [illegible] Mohammedanism has spread over the sacred empires of the East, and Popery holds in the iron vice of creeds the Western world so firmly that Protestants dare not cast off, from the creed, rocks, and float in the free ocean-truth of God's Word.

And, the popular church having forsaken God, God has forsaken her. Her power, her glory, her apostles and prophets, her martyrs, her miracles, her gifts and her virtues, all belong to the dead past. Her only prayers, answered by power, being to the money changers that Christ cast out. Her only God, Mammon. Her very presence denies her assumption of being the church of God. Is Christ's church his one body? She is many bodies. Is the true church the bride, the Lamb's wife? She is many wives. Is the bride clothed with the sun and crowned with the stars? She is arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones. Is the church the light of the world? She has upon her forehead the name "Mystery Babylon." God has a people, a seven thousand, who have not bowed to the image of Baal, who have not received the name of the beast in their forehead; but these are not of the worldly church.

The great apostacy was foretold, and we must admit that it has prevailed. The church was scattered, but it shall be restored. The church, I mean, as it existed at first. The Church of Christ as he founded it in its apostolical purity and power. The New Testament knows of but one true church, and that church is the *body of Christ;* not a powerless corpse, but a living body, through which Christ exercises the divine power. It is little to say that the worldly church is not such a church. Where is her power to bind or to loose? Where her signs following them that believe? Where her gifts and graces? Where her power to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God? Is it in the Catholic Church? The [illegible] police reports will demonstrate that it is not.

Is it in the Protestant Church? Alas! we know that it is not. Strange fire is heaped on God's altars, and fanatics gather around the sparks of their own kindling; but there is no altar, there, upon which the fire comes down from heaven to lick up the water and burn up the sacrifice. But thrones are to sit, and the spirits of those, beheaded for the witness of Christ and the word of God, are to live again; and the church will accomplish her mission. The future Church will be very different from the past. She will be nearer to God. She will come back to the word of God. Men may hate the light, but, still, they are influenced by it. They may fight the truth, but still they adopt it. The world moves.

The church of to-day is not the church of the dark ages, nor yet of the sixteenth century. Rome has not given up her claim to infallibility; but yet with closed eyes and stopped ears she has learned that the earth moves. The future church must be more biblical, more charitable. Paul describes it by the likeness of a "perfect man," in the "full stature" of the measure of Christ; with gifts from the Spirit to meet every want, wisdom, knowledge, miracle, prophesy, healing and tongues; and argues that as the body is one, and hath many members, so are all these gifts required to make up the perfect body of Christ, the Church. Paul describes the present church, without these gifts of the spirit, as a body without members, or without the sense of hearing, seeing, tasting and smelling. How descriptive of the popular church. We pray for the restoration of the ancient church, a church which will possess union and communion with God, and possess the divine power.

Then will the prophecies be fulfilled, and peace will reign in the earth. Nations will learn war no more. Violence shall not be heard in the land; but the lion and the lamb will lie down together. Poverty will cease, and every man shall dwell under his own vine and his own fig tree. Mortality will be lessened, and there shall no more be an infant of days. Sin will become a reproach, so that the sinner of an hundred years old shall be accursed. Ignorance in religion will be done away, and all shall know the Lord, from the least even unto the greatest. And Israel shall be saved, for their deliverer shall come out of Jacob, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob, and the Hebrews will say: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

WOMEN SHALL VOTE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

"'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter."

This is the time foreseen by the prophet-poet, Gerald Massey. "This old world *is* growing brighter." We who for years have labored in this cause of Woman's equal right with Man, in all the relations of life, are rejoiced at the indications of the coming conflict, now fairly inaugurated, after twenty years' skirmishing. The agitation of the Woman Suffrage question will yet cause this nation to be shaken to its very base—as it ought to be. Men arrogate to themselves a right to legislate for women. Who gave them such a right? Where did they receive it? Conservative priests, arrayed in opposition to this movement, will quote, in answer, the authority of a Jewish God, the same authority to which they appealed, to sustain the "sum of all villainies." His supposed words have been cited against Republican institutions, and in favor of the divine right of kings to rule; against the abolition of slavery, and in favor of the slave-owner; against science, and in favor of superstition; against humanity, and in favor of despotism—religious, political and social. In a word, the God of the Bible has been quoted to enslave humanity. Such a god is a myth; yet, it is just such authority that will be appealed to by the priesthood in their bitter warfare against this reform.

I do not mean to say that there are no ministers who will espouse woman's cause. Some of the noblest, most philanthropic men of this age, are clergymen. But to one such, there are a score of whimpering bigots, a disgrace to their profession; unfit to impart to others a truly religious education; incapable of grasping a great moral truth, if not found in their Bible or creed. The liberal-minded portion of the clergy are of far different material. When it comes to humanitarian work, one can labor heartily with the liberal ministers of various denominations, large-souled men who believe in humanity more than in the words of any book. It is an aspersion upon these men, to affirm that their advocacy of woman's equality with man is dictated by sinister motives, such as striving to secure the woman influence to organize a theological despotism, a union of church and state. Woman, in possession of the ballot, will bless the nation. Her enfranchisement is the basis of true reform in church and state; and if a union is ever effected between the two, it will be in the sense that religion is *right living*, the injunction of the practice of the golden rule, in governmental affairs, as well as in social life.

When women vote, as they certainly will, intemperance, the most powerful foe of the human race, will receive its death-wound; the outcast will be reclaimed, and the social evil will be swept from off the face of our beautiful earth. Woman, instead of becoming the tool of priest-craft, as some assert that she will be, if enfranchised, will "bruise the serpent's head." Her counsels, in congress and in the cabinet, will ennoble man, enlarge his mental vision, and make him a better and purer statesman. Remember Senator Sprague's mother.

IS THE WORLD GROWING LARGER?

Is there not reason to think that this world is daily increasing in size? Is there not an action taking place on its surface analogous to that which occurs in a plastic cell when placed in circumstances favorable for its development? To illustrate this thought. We plant a little acorn weighing a few grains, in the ground. In the course of time, it becomes the large oak, weighing thousands of pounds, and spreading its branches far and wide in every direction. This oak gets its weight and bulk principally from the air we breathe, and remains upon the earth thousands of years, perhaps, and undergoes a great many changes before it is finally restored to the atmosphere, even if this event ever does take place. So, animals derive their weight and bulk partly from the air they breathe into their lungs, and partly from the vegetable productions which they devour. When animals die, their bodies, it is true, are partly decomposed into gas, and restored to the atmosphere, but they are principally seized upon and appropriated by growing vegetables, which in their turn are devoured by other animals. It thus seems to me that the earth, through the agency of its animals and vegetable productions, must be daily increasing at the expense of the atmosphere by which it is surrounded. In other words, the plants and animals of the earth are all the time appropriating to themselves the elements of the atmosphere, and forming out of them new compounds which remain upon the earth an almost indefinite length of time before they are decomposed and restored to the atmosphere. This idea is illustrated in our coal mines. All coal was originally wood, and like all wood, was formed principally at the expense of the elements of the atmosphere. This coal has remained upon the earth millions of years, perhaps, and now at length men, urged on by their necessities, are digging it up, and by burning it, restoring it in the shape of carbonic acid to the atmosphere, from which it originally came. No one, it seems to me, can doubt that the earth is larger now than it was when this coal existed in the form of wood. Although the world may be increasing now, it does not follow that it will continue to increase for all time; sooner or later an equilibrium will be established between the amounts of elementary principles which the earth takes from and restores to the atmosphere. But at present, in my opinion, it is like a growing animal; its absorption exceeds its waste. In a word, our planet is not a full-grown earth; it is merely an "earthling."—*Scientific American.*

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES

—Hawaii is noted for its Sunday schools.

—The Baptists are increasing in Germany.

—Protestantism is gaining ground in Spain.

—A Jewish synagogue was dedicated in this city last week.

—There are thirty thousand Spiritualists in the State of Michigan alone.

—A hundred and forty Mormon families recently started from New York for the West.

—Spurgeon is an open-communion man, and says "strict communion is about extinct."

—At Bethlehem, Pa., people have a habit of reading the papers in church before the service.

—Hon. John Bigelow, the new managing editor of the New York *Times*, is said to be a Swedenborgian.

—Eight hundred converts at one revival in Richmond, Ind. They are doing up all their religion at once, in that place.

—Father Claret, formerly the confessor of ex-Queen Isabella, who is now in Rome, is intriguing, it is said, for a cardinal's hat.

—Clergymen are so scarce in Boston, that an impatient couple were recently obliged to wait a week before they could find a spliced.

—A little girl, attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked who went into the lions' den? "Oh, I know," she said, "it was Dan Rice."

—Three hundred soldiers of the 100th regiment of foot, in India, have withdrawn from the Church of England. They don't like the ritualistic practices of the chaplain.

—An itinerant, preaching on the "Depravity of the Age," said that the little children who could neither speak nor walk were to be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing.

—At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor, Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Plase yer riverence, it's to be clane inside."

—A Leavenworth paper thinks it "an evidence of the westward march of civilization," that the Kansas Legislature appropriated $1,400 for tobacco for the penitentiary prisoners, and only $300 for preaching the gospel to them.

—Ballard, the $63,000 defaulter of New York, was at Portland as a delegate to the Young Men's Christian Convention, when his errors were discovered, and the day before they were found, he made addresses to five of the Portland Sunday Schools.

—The person who stole the silver ornaments from the Church of Popayan, on the 4th of June last, returned the same, with a request that mass might be said for him on account of the crime he had committed, which was done, and the Te Deum sung in the church.

—A clergyman in Page County was n't getting pay enough, so he told his congregation he would quit preaching unless he received better wages. But he finally changed his mind, and said he would give to all who did not wish to hear him an opportunity to retire, and every soul at once departed.

—The national Methodist camp-meeting will be held next year at a place near Long Bridge, N. J., on the Shark river, in the South part of the State. A tract of 137 acres has been secured, and negotiations are in progress for enough land adjoining to make up 500 acres, with over a mile of sea front.

—The *Jewish Record* (London) says that the Synod of Jewish Rabbis, which has just been held, has recognized three new principles. 1, Individual authority in religious matters. 2, The primary importance of free scientific investigation. 3, The rejection of the belief in Israel's restoration.

—Rev. Moses Clampit, an eccentric preacher, was holding forth at Santa Clara Valley; a young man rose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may." The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and then saying respectfully, "Well, I believe I would," went on.

—A curate, who adopted a monotonous whine in his prayers, on being remonstrated with by his diocesan, pleaded that such a tone was very proper in acts of supplication, because beggars always whine when they ask for alms. The Bishop replied: "Yes, but when they do, I always know they are imposters, and give them nothing."

—A lady who was about giving a party to a convention of clergymen, sent for a caterer to assist in the preparations. He asked if she intended to give a dancing-party. She replied that it was to be mainly composed of clergymen. "In that case, Madame," said he, "I would advise you to provide bountifully. Them pious people eat dreadfully."

—In the course of pastoral visitations, Rev. Dr. Chalmers called upon a worthy shoemaker, who in recounting his blessings said that he and his family had lived happily together for thirty years without a single quarrel. This was too much for the Doctor, who struck his cane on the floor and exclaimed: "Terribly monotonous, man! terribly monotonous."

—A clergyman "candidating" in Rutland, Conn., recently, got "settled," though not over the church, by injudiciously remarking that "When women fail into sin, they suffer less from compunction of conscience than men." The ladies of the congregation immediately determined that he wasn't the shepherd for that flock, and the candidate left.

—We had related to us the other day an anecdote of an old lady who formerly entertained travelers in a neighboring county. Before guests commenced a meal, it was her custom to ask a blessing. "Oh, Lord! make us truly thankful for the food that is now before us. Nancy, hand around the corn bread first, and then the biscuit afterward. Amen."

—The San Francisco correspondent of *Harper's Magazine* writes that having, as was his habit, come early to school one Sunday, he observed a class of six or seven boys, aged from seven to twelve years, all of respectable parentage, throwing dice for who should win the whole lot of punctuality tickets. He stood aghast at such depravity, in such a place, on such a day—especially when one urchin roared out: "Sixes! I've won; *give us the pot!*"

—Earnest prayers were offered in the churches of Petersburg, Virginia, for rain, on Sunday, the drought having withered and parched the growing crops and gardens in that vicinity. The same night, for the first time in many weeks, a heavy shower descended in sufficient quantity to wet the ground thoroughly, and refresh the languishing vegetation. It is not stated whether the rain extended beyond Petersburg.

—A large tent has been made in the East, which is to be brought to Kansas and taken around where there are no churches, for the purpose of holding services. The tent, or tents, have arrived at Leavenworth. There are three tents in the outfit. One, the preaching-tent, is seventy feet in diameter, pleasantly seated, and capable of accommodating from eight hundred to one thousand. The two small tents are to be used for committee and cooking tents. It is proposed to go with these tents into the larger towns in the State, where there are no church-edifices, and there preach the Gospel. A force of evangelists, colporteurs, and singers, are to go with it, and thus hold continuous daily meetings throughout the entire season.

—When the Conference assembled in Hillsborough, some years since, on the last day of the session, a lad, whose father had entertained some half-dozen preachers, entered the room where the ministers were seated, in a terrible state of excitement.

"What's the matter, Isaac?" asked one, "you seem excited."

"Excited! I ain't excited; I'm mad all over."

"What are you mad about, Isaac? Don't you know it is wrong to suffer yourself to become angered?"

"Wrong or not wrong, it's enough to make anybody mad but a preacher. Here's every chicken on the place eat up except the old rooster, and just now he happened to get a glimpse of you fellows, and sung out—"and must this fee-ble bod-y die-e," and dropped over stone dead."

—The Lutheran Church in North Lansing, Mich., is in a row. The trustees, backed by a majority of the congregation have locked the doors of the church against, the atister, who, with a minority of the people, has fallen back in good order on the parsonage, where they are holding religious services. The party of the first part are now meditating strategy to dislodge their foes from this last stronghold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VICTIM."—There are some people in the world who seem to be natural "victims," and to fall into all sorts of troubles and accidents by rule. You seem to be one of them, and we really don't know how to suggest the "infallible remedy for these things," which you ask. You say, —"Why should *I*, any more than any one else, have been walking past the house with a new broad-cloth coat on, just when the woman was throwing out the contents of her slop pail?"—Sure enough, why should you?—You say, —"Why am *I* always stumbling over stones and running my nose against open doors, in the dark?"—Exactly, there you have us again. Echo answers—"Why?" "VICTIM," you are probably a foreordained "victim," and you'll have to weather the gales of fate as best you can. We would suggest a few rules, however, which may ameliorate the pains of your condition: 1st, Know what you are going to do before you do it. 2d, Know where you are going before you go there. 3d. Form a habit of keeping your eyes and ears open, and do not be too venturesome in the dark.

"MIDDY."—You ask why sailors are so often fleeced by "land-pirates." It is not very hard to find out a reason for that. They are much of the time on the sea, under strict discipline, with little or no chance to spend money, and few opportunities to have what they call "a good time." This renders them more likely to "spree it" when they get out from under control. They are often instantly pounced upon as soon as they arrive in port, and courted and flattered, by those well versed in the ways of the shore, while the sailors are comparatively unsophisticated, and under the circumstances it is no wonder that "Jack Tar" generally yields, and goes back to his ship with an empty pocket.

"J. H. BANCROFT."—You are forty-one years of age, have always been a farmer, but have always been aware of a talent for the legal profession, and wish to know whether you had better sell your farm and study law. Not a bit of it! You might qualify yourself for it in two or three years; then it would probably take you from five to ten years to get a good practice, and by that time you would be past your prime. No! see if you cannot be a good, scientific farmer. A first-class farmer is worth a dozen fifth-rate lawyers.

"J. T."—You *might* make it pay to write "a new work concerning Shakspeare," but we think it is extremely doubtful. He has been weighed a great many times during the last two hundred years, and never been found wanting. You might be able to "show that Shakspeare's views of life were false, his estimates of human character erroneous, and his delineations of passion unnatural," but it is not to be expected that you would achieve a brilliant success, for the first year or two.

"MANUS."—Yes, the French are proverbially polite. A great deal of their politeness is not heart-deep, however. You must not think when a women from politeness tells you she is delighted to see you, that she is really dying for you; or when a gentleman urges you strongly to stay, that he will not be able to survive your absence. A great deal of our American, as well as French politeness, springs from policy, not from affection.

"RALPH."—You ask us how it is that many talented individuals are very poor, sometimes starve, and are frequently out of employment, while others, with less ability, or ability of a lower degree, are doing well. We can only say, in reply, that the world estimates a man, not by what he *can do*, or *could do*, or *thinks he could do*, or *hopes to do*; but by what he DOES. Brains without energy are very often a nuisance.

"E. W."—The plot of your poem is good, and it contains some pretty pictures; but it is hardly enough to the point for THE UNIVERSE. There are some faults, also, in the measure. You coin one word, ("richen,") to rhyme with "kitchen." Still, with all its imperfections, your production is superior to a great deal of the newspaper poetry of the day, and we advise you to "try again."

"NELLIE VANE."—You complain that your story has received no notice, although you sent it over a month ago. Have patience, Nellie; we shall get to it soon. We have had so much to do in getting THE UNIVERSE fairly launched, that a large number of manuscripts have accumulated upon our hands. We shall hereafter be able to notice writers more promptly.

"J. NEIL."—We have heard the bromide of ammonium reccommended for those who suffer from an excess of fat, but cannot vouch for its efficacy. It is said, however, that when taken in small doses for a length of time, it will diminish the weight of the body with greater certainty than any other known article.

"N. M. N."—The Russians patronize theatricals to some extent, although not with the enthusiasm of some nations. The Czar is just now taking considerable interest in the opera. Russia, however, has only thirty-four legitimate theaters, while England has one hundred and fifty-nine.

"JUVENA."—You complain that your friend did not speak to you when you met at church. Allow us to ask a question: Did you speak to her? If not, she has just as good a right to complain of you! There is an equilibrium about these things.

"WIDOW."—A "mite" was equal in value to about one cent, American money.—Of course it is requisite for correspondents to give their real name in connection with those by which they would be answered, as an indication of good faith.

"JENNIE."—If you have any experiences that you think would benefit the readers of "Answers to Correspondents," put them in short dresses, and send them along. Don't be afraid. We slight nobody, and abuse no confidences.

"CHARLIE."—We do not deal in onguent, hair-dye, enamel, or anything else in that line. If you have failed in producing a good crop of whiskers, suppose you cultivate your brains awhile, and see how you succeed there.

"THOMAS."—You are evidently a "doubting Thomas." Well, it does a man good to shut down the brakes and doubt a little, once in a while.

"BELMONT."—We are not disposed to open a "Sunday Column" in THE UNIVERSE. We consider *all* our paper good enough for Sunday reading.

"ANSON WELLS."—Pendulum clocks were invented in 1639. The first daguerreotype was first made in 1849, by Daguerre.

"J. BLADES."—We shall be very much obliged to you for the old papers you offer us. Such favors are always appreciated.

"COINS."—We refer you to Dr. Sunderland's article upon "Old Coins," in a recent issue of THE UNIVERSE.

"ROBERT."—Glass windows were first used for light in 1180.

No pent-up continent contracts our powers
The whole unbounded Universe is ours.

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

J. M. PEEBLES, - - - Editor-in-Chief.
H. N. F. LEWIS, - Managing-Editor and Publisher.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

All writers and correspondents for the UNIVERSE should address their communincations to the Managing-Editor, or, simply, "*The Universe, Chicago, Ill.*" If addressed to the Editor-in-Chief personally, they cannot be attended to during his absence. Especially should nothing relating to subscriptions or other business be addressed to him, for the same reason.

THE UNIVERSE as a business enterprise is no experiment. As the *Chicagoan* it long since established a wide reputation and a fair business success, and since the enlargement and change of name the receipts of subscriptions have been unexpectedly large, single names and clubs of subscribers coming to us from all quarters of the United States, from Maine to Florida and California.

We give liberal remuneration, in either premiums or cash commissions. In another place will be found a list of nearly *one hundred* different Premiums. They are articles of known value, and are rated at their regular retail prices, which are in some cases nearly the full amount of the subscription-money required. For instance, for only 30 subscribers and $75 (the regular price), we give a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, regular price, $60!

TO OUR READERS.

The subscription receipts of THE UNIVERSE are highly gratifying. We can still furnish complete files from July 1st, to new subscribers, who desire them in order to have Mrs. CORBIN'S Story complete, as well as many other good things already published.

Mr. PEEBLES' Letters from the Old World, which are to be furnished *exclusively* for THE UNIVERSE, will commence in a short time; consequently those who are forming clubs should forward names of subscribers as fast as procured.

The offer of "three months for fifty cents," to "trial" subscribers, expired Aug. 1st, hence names for three months must be paid for in proportion to yearly rate.

We could publish columns of extracts from enthusiastic letters, already received in praise of THE UNIVERSE.

MARRIAGE--"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

However advocates of the extension of the elective franchise to woman may asseverate to the contrary, whether through motives of expediency or through ignorance of the true character of this movement, the abrogation of the prevailing laws governing sexual relationship is involved. Whatever may be substituted for the present system, can scarcely be worse for human harmony and purity. The present system has demonstrated its utter incapacity to check the tide of passion and vice. If it has operated as a check upon disorder in the past, it can hardly be claimed to do so now. The current records of social crime exhibit an appalling amount of licentiousness, breaking out in the most aggravated forms. The marriage laws are no effectual barrier to the gratification of sexual desires outside the privileged line; and they only secure an apparent virtue, while secret amours are the rule rather than the exception. Further than this, in such cases as there may be a genuine observance of lawful marital obligation, there is often, under its cover and privileges, but a carnival of lust, exceeding in its loathsome riotings the foulest excesses of the brothel. While the latter may be, upon the one side, mercenary in its character, the victim of lust is to a large degree a voluntary agent; but the sleek and law-abiding sensualist may wreak the vengeance of his passion upon the married partner of his shame, secured by statute from interruption or disturbance.

The record of woman's wrongs, perpetrated under the cover of legality and respectability, is being written. Pure and true men and women will be appalled by the revelations, and many will doubt that such shocking barbarities are really committed under the cover of marriage. Seemingly, they are incredible, but they are sustained by unimpeachable testimony. We publish in THE UNIVERSE of this week a communication from Mrs. AGNES N. KNOWLTON, wife of Hon. J. H. KNOWLTON—a prominent and influential lawyer of the West, now residing in Chicago—giving two or three instances coming within her knowledge. Despite a popular repugnance to disclosures of this disgusting nature, Mrs. KNOWLTON bravely permits the use of her name in publication, and her social and intellectual position forbids the suspicion of exaggeration in her statements. Rather, she has aimed to divest the details given, of the grosser features thereof.

The question for investigation and answer is,—Is not the prevailing system of marriage wrong in conception and pernicious in its results, and its abrogation therefore a necessity? The problem is manifold, and its solution is of vital importance. Under the present rule, the floodgates of vice are open; it can scarcely be worse under any new system. To ask, "If you abolish marriage, what will you do to secure maintainance to women and children?" is foolish, if not premature. If marriage as it is *does not* conduce to the comfort and happiness of woman—if, on the other hand, it tends to the killing of body and soul, destitution and starvation outside of marriage is the preferable alternative. If the physical and spiritual wants of children will not be provided for by their parents, without legal compulsion, it may be better for woman to dispense with children entirely, or the benevolent may establish foundling hospitals in every hamlet. Whetner the new social order is to be one of marriage and easy divorce,—or of no legal cognizance of marriage at all,—or of a return to ancient sexual codes,—a thorough discussion of the subject will be of healthful use. Many thousands there are who demand the entire repeal of marriage laws, and they cannot be silenced by the cry of "insanity," "fanaticism," "infidelity,' or "free-love." No institution is too sacred to be discussed. The charges of "infidelity" and "free-love" are vague and pointless.

If it were true that the low and vulgar, the ignorant and disreputable, were alone those who abuse women under cover of marriage laws, there might be hope of some relief, through education and moral precepts; but it is true that the worst cases of oppression and outrage are among the respectable, educated and outwardly-refined classes of society; indeed, many of the grossest instances of sexual abuse proceed from professors and preachers of the religious sects.

HARMONIAL HOMES.

Unrest, implying a degree of unbalance, tells of a future more fair, of an ideal unattained. Aspirational souls seek freedom, self-balance. This is natural. Observations are aids to this attainment. Experiences, with their tears, despondencies and temporary defeats, tend to the desired consummation. Agitation precedes disintegration. The old dies, that the new, struggling into outer birth, may sing of victory. Change, divisions, re-organizations, with other seemingly mysterious methods, mapping the fields of progress, are as so many "John the Baptists," crying in the wildernesses of perverted life and pointing to the Christ to be—order, harmony, and Heaven.

"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Beautiful, this prayer—the divine *will*, done on earth—salvation to-day! Unto this heaveuly attitude—this living Temple of God, all souls, in their better moments, aspire. As it shapes itself in an ideal, we see that art and science, knowledge and spiritual progress, form the foundations; humanity's interests constitute the corner-stone; intellectual energy constructs the walls; tenderest sympathy cements them into solidity; womanly fidelity and goodness grace the altar, and love, like God's benedictions, infills and overarches all. Over the portals of this Temple of the harmonial brotherhood, is inscribed, in words aspire with truth—*justice, equality, fraternity.*

Nature provides land, water, and air—*free.* Theso are natural gifts—blessings designed for all. Aud crime will never cease, nor earth become a garden of peace and good will, till poverty is exterminated. Agriculture and manufactures are among the more legitimate sources of material wealth. Commerce fills the coffers from the few. Combinations, stealing away, appropriate the bread of the landless million. Monopolies, heartless as bodies corporate, starve honest toilers. Is there no remedy? no good time coming?

The organizing of harmonial associations—banded brotherhoods and sisterhoods, based upon equality, would, while destroying all antagonisms between swollen capital and daily toil, make labor attractive. Furthermore, sinkiug selfishness into self-sacrifice they would do away with isolation, and this crushing poverty, that so fearfully obtains in the great cities. Those united societies termed "Shakers," have no poor; and on the day of Pentecost, those baptized from the heavens, were inspired to hold "all things in common."

Three important needs are constantly pressing themselves upon the masses. They are necessities, and may be denominated, by the common terms, physical, social, spiritual. As legitimate—looking to the supply of these needs so universally felt, why not organize associations, thus reducing the better theories, upon this subject, to practical life? Of what avail the ideal, unless it fruits into the real?

Under physical needs, may be classed *home*, food, clothing, labor, amusements, etc. Under social necessities, may be mentioned families, friendships, sympathies, music, art, literature, etc.

Under the head of spiritual needs, may be designated, moral culture, education, progress, spirit communion, and such inspirations as shall help each and all, to near the heavenly life on earth. How many sweet associations cluster around the endearing word "home"—a home possessing all the foregoing conditions and requirements—a home ever vernal with heart flowers of beauty—a home with cordial hands to clasp our own—a home where wisdom guides, and love is law!

These homes, with agricultural products for a physical basis, would afford the choicest opportunities for mental and moral culture. Manufactures would express the forms of use connected with such progressive movements. Commerce would be a means of supply, or rather, a transfer of commodities, upon the basis of equivalents. Certain homes of the brotherhood would necessarily be mostly agricultural, others manufacturing, and others still, would combine the two in connection with the educational. A chain of sympathy and common interest, looking to the good of all, would thus grow up between these homes, whether located in this or foreign countries.

A social order, possessing these and other beneficial tendencies, relating to the equality of the sexes and the strict administration of justice, will ultimately prevail throughout the world. The angels so teach, and those who have tasted the first-fruits of the kingdom, or rather the Republic, of Heaven, actualized on Earth, so believe.

Such homes should have one common and elegant building in the center, for lectures, music, educational pursuits, gymnasium-exercises, amusements, etc. Around, and branching outward from this, there might be a system of cottage-buil lings, all in form and order. Purity the reigning principle, and culture the common aim, the interests of one should be felt to be the highest interests of all. Each should seek "another's wealth"—that is, another's good, and find supreme delight in serving all; and those entering into such an enterprise, should do it with a life consecrated to human good and happiness.

MAN BEFORE AND ABOVE GOD.

CAPE COD CAMP MEETING, July 22, 1869.

I am on the platform of the Cape Cod Camp Meeting of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress. This is the third day of its sessions. Two thousand persons are around me—to hear what the Holy Ghost hath to say to them through such men as H. B. Storer, A. E. Carpenter, William Denton, Warren Chase, Henry C. Wright, George Bacon, Judge Todd, Alfred Giles, C. Robinson, and other men, and through such *women* as Mattie L. Thwing, Agnes Davis, Mary Stuart, Mrs. Burnes, and other women. It is a great gathering of self-forgetting, progressive men and women, met to find out *where they wish to go, and to help one another go there.* The following resolution is before the meeting, and gives the one great central thought of its deliberations:

"*Resolved*, The religion of Fact, which is to be the religion of the future, recognizes and inculcates the great truth that *man is before and above all outside Gods* as an object of thought, love and worship, and that human beings, as husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and in all relations, do, and ought to, bestow their thoughts and affections on one another, rather than on what is recognized and worshipped as God by Christendom, and by all the religions of the world."

What will THE UNIVERSE say to this?—*man before and above God as an object of thought, love and worship!*—at least before and above all *unseen* and *unincarnate* Gods! GOD IN MAN is the slogan of my war of ideas against theology. We love and worship God in man, woman and child—not in Bibles, Sabbaths, temples, priests and ceremonies—in *all* men, women and children, not merely in *Christ*, or any other individual exclusively—but in all of human kind. Bibles and constitutions, creeds and codes, churches, states, priests and politicians, are but the *incidents of Man.* I have learned to associate the Man—not his incidents—with *God*, as the object of my supreme reverence—feeling assured that the *only* safeguard of Human Rights, is reverence for human beings.

The resolution states what the experience of every one tells him or her, is a fact: that man is before and above all outside Gods as an object of *thought, love and worship.* The religion of fiction is the worship of God outside of man. The religion of fact consists in the worship of God in man. Every husband and wife (I speak of a true relation) know they love and worship each the other, or God in *each*, a thousand times more devotedly and earnestly than they do God in anything or person else. As an object of thought, love and worship, every mother knows that her babe is infinitely more and above all outside Gods. Why try or pretend to make it otherwise?

The following extract of a letter from a wife to her husband, was read to the meeting as illustrative of the supremacy of man over all Gods outside of man, as an object of *thought.* The letter is from a *living*, truly great, and noble woman, to the object of her highest love and worship—*her husband.* The question was asked by her husband: "Who has most of your *thoughts, plans, interests*, your husband, or an outside God?" The following is the wife's answer:

"Who, what and where is God, outside of my husband? Does He (God) claim my thoughts, plans and interests *first* and above all things else? *Ought* my heart to rest upon Him (God) before my husband? I do not know who, nor what, nor where God is outside of my husband. MY HUSBAND IS MY MANIFEST GOD.

"Is God, outside of my husband, a *personal* Being?—with heart, mind, thought and feeling? Does he pour upon me his boundless, infinite love, day by day, hour by hour? Does he care for me, as he cares for all, with a tender, patient, fatherly love? Such a God, so far as he is true and right, according to my ideas of truth and righteousness, *no farther*, I can admire and love; but I cannot give my thoughts and interests to Him before my husband. He is not so near to me.

"No matter how exalted may be my communion with an outside God, He can never be higher to me in my thought-regards than my husband! Right or wrong, to me it is a *fact;* my husband first claims and has my thought, my attention.

"But what, and who is God outside of my husband? I am dull—I am obtuse—I cannot comprehend Him. God, in my husband, I can and do understand. He thinks, acts and speaks for me through my husband. In thinking of my *husband*, I think of God, as he is made apparent to me. God is not higher than my husband.

"I do not narrow God down to my husband, but, by my love, he is lifted up to God. Can I believe God to be better than my husband? No; I cannot. My husband has all the elements or attributes of God made manifest in form. In thinking of him I think of God. He exists eternally, as God does.

"I should do injustice to God to go outside of my husband with my thoughts and plans. How could I—how can any true wife—go outside of her husband—her true, loving husband—hoping to find rest? My thoughts, hopes, feelings, plans, interests, everything in life, in the body and out of it, cluster around and in my own husband!—MY GOD!

"THY LOVING AND TRUSTING WIFE."

Here speaks the true wife. Her heart is but the true prophet or interpreter of every heart filled with tender love for human beings. The religion of science, of *fact*, will teach the world that, as an object of *thought, love* and *worship*, man is first and foremost. Every speaker on this platform has made this a central thought. God was in Christ, or as an object of thought, love and reverence. In the same sense, differing only in degree, God is in every man. In our various relations with human beings, the *human*, of necessity, must be before and above the divine as an object of affectionate, thoughtful regard.

Thine, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

—The regular subscription price of THE UNIVERSE is $2.50 per year, invariably in advance. No paper is sent in any case beyond the time paid for, unless sent without charge

THE UNCHARITABLENESS OF NEW CONVERTS.

To the Editor of The Universe:

I know it to be a fact, that *all* believers in the Spiritual Philosophy do not claim that they are *perfect*, however much they may feel grateful that they have become worthy prophets. Is there not such a thing as running some things "into the ground,' even by the most zealous advocates of the glorious doctrine? I claim the right to say a word against overdoing certain things to its injury.

It is an old maxim that new converts are the most vehement and demonstrative—that new brooms sweep clean, etc. Human nature is so constituted in some, that *revenge* seems to be a sweet morsel to enjoy for real or fancied injuries, while others are so constituted that, if you do not readily fall into their new way of thinking, and believe just what they do, upon their word, without farther investigation, they call you fool, rascal, hypocrite, Pharisee, and in fact anything but honest and christian; while at the same time they are mouthing the words charity, brotherly love, in joyousness of those virtues.

I am prompted to make these remarks, from the habit of a few prominent leaders (who were formerly Universalists) in constantly belaboring that liberal denomination as the most bigoted, intolerant, creed-bound sect in the world. Now, if I am not much mistaken, it was this denomination that stood in the breach in keeping the "gates ajar" in this country, for liberal ideas, from the time of John Murray until Spiritualism came to the rescue in the light against "Evangelical" bigotry, and threw the "gates wide open" for a fuller influx of divine truth. With this fact before the world, I question the good policy or good manners of the youth making up faces at and calling his father and mother all kinds of low names, because they are not as wise as the offspring has suddenly grown to be.

If a Universalist minister progresses to the standpoint of Spiritualism, why should he desire to get up a quarrel with that church, by *retaining* his letter of fellowship?—why seek notoriety, and a species of martyrdom, by waiting to be excommunicated? Would it not be more honorable to sever his connection as formally as he resumed it, with the church, by simply returning his title of fellowship, when he can no longer act with it in the spirit and intent of the original fellowship, and when he avowedly espouses the cause of another and distinct organization? It seems to me this course would be more christian-like, and demonstrate that "soft words turn away wrath."

There is no use in over-zealous converts from the Universalist denomination trying to *drive* that people into the Spiritual Philosophy, faster than they see the light clearly. Constant and repeated abuse of Universalists in the pulpit and in the press won't do it, but they rather retard the coming. While that church has a denominational organization, they have the right to their own way of conducting their own affairs, and using their own discipline; and no one has a right to complain, and no one is obliged to believe as they do, or stay with them longer than he desires.

I think I may safely assert that if these over-zealous converts from, who manifest so little liberality and charity toward, the Universalists, had been unfortunately educated in a darker theology, or surrounded by circumstances that had made them "orthodox" preachers, they would very likely now be among the fiercest and most bitter *persecutors* of all believers in the satisfactory doctrines of the new philosophy of which they may now be *indiscrete* champions, even to the violation of the rule laid down for the management of THE UNIVERSE, that it should not be *personal* in the defense of its positions. If we loudly preach charity and forbearance in others toward ourselves, we must practice the same to our neighbors, or we shall get little credit for sincerity. PROGRESS.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.

A Woman Suffrage Convention is to be held at Cincinnati on the 15th of September. The following is the "Platform," which has received the signatures of one hundred and twenty women and men, including clergymen, lawyers, physicians, editors, etc.:

WHEREAS, All just governments are founded on the consent of the governed;

WHEREAS, Taxation without representation is tyranny;

WHEREAS, Every human being is endowed by his Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; therefore,

Resolved, That the Government of the United States, in denying to women, who constitute full one-half of its subjects, the right of suffrage, and with it most of the privileges and emoluments pertaining to full citizenship, is only half republican in its character.

Resolved, That it is the duty of women who are thus denied their right of suffrage to demand it, in order that the government may be in truth what it proposes to be, and by this means be preserved for the welfare of future generations.

Resolved, That it is the duty of all progressive and truth-loving men who would know the right and help to do it, to unite with women, in helping them to secure the ballot, which will prove a sufficient guarantee for all civil and social rights.

—"Frank Brown, a young man of respectable parentage, who has been loafing in saloons and doing nothing for some time past, was fined $100 for vagrancy. He promised to enlist in the army, and the execution was suspended."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why not make a policeman of him? It would be just as reasonable to put such men into the ranks of our city "protectors," as into the standing army, which is supposed to protect us as a nation.

No! let us have true good honest men to compose our National and local police! Men whom we can respect,—men whom we can obey,—men who scorn every kind of meanness, from wholesale corruption to the mercenary "pulling" of a disreputable house; from fashionable dissipation to pot-house tipling and free lunches. Then we shall be better prepared for war, and better qualified for peace.

AN EARTHQUAKE PREDICTED.

A very general excitement has been caused in Peru by the publication of the prophecy of a German astronomer, asserting that on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of August of this year, preliminary shocks of earthquake would be felt in Peru and Ecuador, to be followed, on the 20th of September or October, by a movement of the earth in that region, and along the line of the Andes mountains generally, and that it will be perfectly appalling in its effects. This prediction, it appears, has created wide-spread terror among the Peruvians, and families are now preparing to seek places of greater security. The astronomer cannot ascertain to a certainty whether the grand rupture will occur in September or October, but that it will be on or about the 20th, he is confident.

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1869.

NO CREEDS IN NATURE—THE LATE ECLIPSE—JUVENILE MUSIC—MORAL AND VEGETABLE GARBAGE—MR. PEEBLES AND THE UNIVERSE.

To the observant man, who is in harmony with Nature, the contracted and conflicting creeds of the day, are at once painfully absurd and mysterious. He walks abroad, and finds all the blessings of heaven distributed alike, and without favor or affection, among the whole human family. As he looks upon the sublime spectacle of creation, and meditates upon the exquisite relations of things, he perceives, that there is no Christian sunlight or Pagan rain—no Protestant flowers or Papist fruits—no Presbyterian physics or Methodist metaphysics—although some of the members of the latter religious body, occasionally indulge in such curious logic, that a person might suppose a peculiar process of reasoning had been especially set apart for them—and perceiving all this, he finds himself in holy keeping, and recognises the universality of that love which tenderly poises the butterfly on fragile wings of gold, and guides the stars in their appointed course.

Speaking of the stars, my pen naturally glides into the subject of the recent eclipse. In this city, the majestic phenomenon was witnessed by tens of thousands, from the house-tops, and other convenient positions. Never was there anything more sublime than the solitary march of that huge, dark ball across the round, red desert of the sun. The pale green, dreamy light, accompanying the obscuration, and the silence into which the pulses of the gazing multitudes were hushed, told, at once, that Jehovah was passing by, and hiding the face of the earth, like that of Moses, in the hollow of his hand! When I saw the moon disrobed in the heavens, I thought of the fine lines of William Pitt Palmer, on light:

"From the darkened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his ethiop breast,
With the threads of my golden hair."

Most vigorous and poetic treatment. I am impressed with the perfect manhood of the idea; and am myself lured into the regions of the muses, through the naked grandeur and omnipotence of that sublime command:

"SIT LUX!"

God stands within the empty womb of space,
Now clothed in all His rayless majesty;
No beam yet burns upon His awful face;
And silence girds Him, like a shoreless sea.

In his right hand He holds the huge black sun,
Swung to and fro, mid the appalling gloom,
Till traced the endless course that it shall run,
Though yet the path is darker than the tomb.

"Let there be light!" and swift the giant ball,
Shot blazing from His grasp, begins its flight;
While from His form is cast the mystic pall
That erst had wrapped Him up in tenfold night

And light and darkness, thus in sunder riven,
Now leave Him, flaming in the new-born day,
A mighty Bowler, on the plains of heaven,
Sending the red spheres on their circling way!

As the altar before which I bow, is on every hill top and in every valley—in the crowded mart and in the lonely chamber, there being no speaker at the Everett Rooms, I went last Sunday to worship the Good Father at the shrine of Beethoven—that prince of the powers of Music—that harmonious Olympian Thunderer. The quatuor was for violin, viola, piano and violoncello; and will you credit it, when I assure you, that the violin was played by a boy not ten years of age, and the piano, by a girl not eleven? The composition was as difficult as it was exquisite, and yet these two children—the son and daughter of Professor Hess—handled it in the most masterly manner. To connoisseurs this may appear incredible; but it is nevertheless true. Such difficult bowing, tuneful stopping, rapid execution and delicate appreciation on the part of the boy, literally astounded me, while the facile left hand, the charming touch and wonderful precision of the girl, were absolutely miraculous. I generally fight shy of "infant prodigies," but I venture to prognosticate for these yet tiny *artistes*, a future the most brilliant. Be this as it may, the delight they afforded me was full of enchantment, and when I left them, I thanked God for Beethoven and two such startling interpreters of a sublime revelation.

With the exception of Fifth Avenue and a few other respectable thoroughfares, our streets are absolutely loathsome, and lined with flour-barrels filled with the most disgusting garbage—the refuse of cellars and kitchens. It is not at all unusual to see those reeking vases before some of the brown stone edifices, so highly prized amongst us. How the corporation can permit such unsightly nuisances to sentinel our sidewalks, I am at a loss to discover. In this connection, however, New York has long washed its face only, its body and lower extremities being for the most part buried in filth. Nor are we morally in a much better condition. Our police courts being crowded continually, with the sons and daughters of pious mothers, who would worship a God of vengeance, and fight Nature with the Bible.——The weather is remarkably cool, and the city, remarkably dull. I notice several first-class places of business to let on Broadway, and learn, that some of the most pretending establishments are scarcely paying expenses, even in the very heart of our population. A plenteous harvest, however, will revive our drooping trade; and as to the certainty of abundant crops, there is, I believe, no doubt whatever.

I hear THE UNIVERSE spoken of highly in our Spiritual circles, as well as amongst those who are not yet believers in the Divine Philosophy. Indeed, a journal of such able and varied contents cannot fail to obtain a footing upon even the most exclusive hearthstones. I am in anxious expectation of the first instalment of your European contributions, from Mr. Peebles. Rely upon it, we shall have something reliable and racy from his pen, before we are much older, regarding the true state of Spiritualism and the churches on the other side of the Atlantic, as well as a general view of how matters stand in the Old World. Editorial correspondence such as he can furnish, will be one of the most important and delightful features of your journal, and tend greatly toward its circulation in both hemispheres, and its influence generally.

LOGOS.

MORE "INSIDE VIEWS OF MARRIAGE."

To the Editor of the Universe.

Under this heading, in your fourth number, were some appalling facts by a "Wife and Mother." In the same line are some facts which have come to my knowledge, and which may properly be made public, because when secret outrages are brought to general view, remedy, by change of law, may possibly come.

A woman now living in this city, and the mother of four children, was required to submit to the sexual demands of her husband the next night after the birth of her first child. After the birth of the third, her health was poor, and she objected to having any more children. However, she again became *enciente*. When her period of parturition came and a physician was needed, this husband refused to go for one, giving as a reason for refusal that he did not want sensual gratification, and she might get along as best she could. During the time this married couple lived together, it was his habit, night after night to take a cup of water and set it conveniently by the bed, for use, in restoring her, as she usually fainted during the act of abuse. Her eldest daughter, who is now a young lady, told me she had often heard her mother say to her father — "You will kill me!" One night, after hearing this expression, she heard the door open, and a noise such as would be produced by one person dragging another from the bed. She hastened down stairs, and there saw her mother lying on the floor, in spasms and unconscious, and her father throwing water in her face. He said to the daughter — "Your mother often has these spells" The mother was, very naturally, ashamed to explain to the daughter *why* she had "these spells." These things went on until the mother became partially paralyzed, nearly losing the use of her hands. Not knowing the cause of this paralysis, she consulted a physician, who informed her that it was produced by the excessive indulgence of her husband, inducing prostration of the nervous system. She said, — "Doctor, what can I do?" He replied — "I can give you something that will strengthen you. Your husband is a man that requires more than you ought to endure. He will desist when he knows it injures you so badly. It will be a great sacrifice no doubt to him. I believe he does not go after other women." This mother had read O. S. Fowler on "Matrimony," who, in substance, says that the best way for women who have husbands of strong passions, is to be very kind to them, always submit to their wishes, when they can, and when they cannot, to always have a good reason to give, and that most men will then desist, that it makes a man "mad" to be refused, comparing them with horses; and other similar advice. I had recommended the doctor in question to this woman, not understanding the cause of her peculiar condition; so, when I next met her, I inquired what he said. She said that she was ashamed, but would tell me all; and, with tears streaming down her face, she related this doleful chapter of facts. At this time she was still living with her husband, doing the best she knew how. But she grew worse — became restless, and could not sleep. Then he complained of her tossing about in the bed — said he did not object to being awakened *four times* in the course of the night, but the rest of the time he wanted for sleep. He proposed to sleep on a lounge in the room, and see if he could not get a little rest. He tried that experiment. By his doing so, *she* found that she could rest much better, and then she proposed to sleep with one of the girls up stairs.

Then serious trouble commenced. With the air of a dictator, he said that she was not willing * * * * she was not going to drive him to that. She was *his wife*, and it was all imagination, that the youngest child was not his — it looked like one of the neighbors — that he would not support her, nor the children, if she meant to get rid of him in that way. From that time, as Fowler says, he was "*mad*,"—he was ugly in every way — refused to provide the necessaries of life — told her to go,—*he wished she would.* At last she did leave, taking with her only her clothes, and few, and poor they were, as he had not provided any for her for a long time.

The children went with her. She rented a house, intending to take a few boarders in order to support herself and children. She wrote him, asking him to give her some of the furniture. He refused to do this, unless she would sign a deed of all her interest in their property, so that he could do with it as he pleased. She refused to do so, thinking it might some day benefit her, or the children, when she could no longer work. She did not wish a divorce, and knew very well that by law she could not get one for such *cause* as she could establish. She had left *his* "bed and board which act the law esteems a *fault!*" This poor woman's health is now slowly improving, and she supports herself and family. *He* rents his house — boards, and lives on the rent, and the interest upon his money, occasionaliy working a day, when he chooses. People wonder why they do not live together. That wonder would be less if people knew the facts. Of course *he* does not divulge them. She is living what she was taught—not to expose her husband; to do so would be terrible. Under the present laws and usages, men have their "good time," and will have it so long as their highly censurable conduct is not exposed by women. Thank! God, THE UNIVERSE give, woman a chance to tell some of the wrongs they suffer. Every woman should subscribe for it.

All that woman need is a fair and equal chance with men, — which includes *the right to her own person.* This granted, the rest will come in due time. I think I can see "the good time coming."

I will cite another case in the vicinity of Chicago. A woman had her first child when married one year. When in labor the mother requested the husband to bring the wife down stairs before he went for the doctor. She was so much advanced in labor that she could not walk. The husband informed his wife that he must be gratified before he could take her down stairs, as it would be two or three days before he could again indulge, "and that," said he, "*will be a great while you know.*" As soon as she could, after recovering from her confinement, this woman applied for, and obtained a divorce. She was resolved not to longer live a life of wretchedness and degradation. She did not believe in the doctrine of total depravity, or in that other notion of many women that all men are alike. Hence, she married again. Her second husband proved a very different man, from the first, and she is now a happy wife.

Another women, sixty-five years of age, not long since told me that for thirty years she was compelled to submit to her husband four times each night, and that whether she was sick or well, it made no difference. She was his third wife. She stated that she supposed that other men were very much like her husband. She had become so disgusted that she could scarcely bear the sight of her own boys; but she loved her daughters. It has become a necessity that woman should arise and demand emancipation. By their exertions, and the aid of a few noble men, such an interest will be created throughout the land, that the present social system will beove turned. Providence helps those, and only those, who help themselves, All women should remember this. The there women to whom I have referred, for some reason unknown to me made known their degredation and suffering. Others have made the same resolutions with the enquiring — "What *shall* I do!" or, "what *ought* I to do!" But how many thousands there are who thus suffer, and bear all in silence, Heaven only knows.

I have never yet advised any woman to leave her husband. I believe any woman who is greatly abused will do this when she has the strength to believe that she can take care of herself. It is undoubtedly proper to live up to the requirements of the *law.* Bad consequences must be the result of a general, and perhaps of a particular, disposition to disregard the law. Where laws are wrong, they should be assailed with the weapons of reason, until they are abolished.

In behalf of woman, I dare assert that women less frequently violate the laws that have been established by men, than do the men themselves. Had man strictly lived up to the marriage law, it would have been consigned to oblivion years ago. It was made, and has been perpetuated, by man. With him it has checked no wish — bridled no passion.

I have now in mind one of the law-makers of this country, who boasts of *amours* with as many women annually, as there are days in the year. While this boast is without doubt largely false, it shows that the law-makers, with impunity can boldly declare that they violate the law. This man has an excellent wife, and a fine group of children.

Woman has not only her own freedom to gain, but she has to raise the majority of men to a plane higher than they now occupy. She by nature and her sad experience, is better fitted to do this for him than he is to do it for himself.

A. N. KNOWLTON.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN. By John Stuart Mill. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The author avows at the outset, that the object of his Essay is to explain and defend an opinion he has long held, that the legal subordination of one sex to another, is wrong, and a great hindrance to human improvement; and to claim that it ought to be replaced by a system of perfect equality.

He recognizes the burden of proof that rests upon him, and appreciates the difficulties with which, at the outset, he must contend. He says truly, that a reformer with such odds against him; with institution, such as he is to fight, existing all around him, must command much ability even to be heard.

In the second chapter, he uses the following language. Let the "benedicts" of the world decide whether it is true:

When we consider how vast is the number of men, in any great country, who are little higher than brutes, and that this mere presence them from being able, through the law of marriage, to obtain a victim, the breadth and depth of human misery caused in this shape alone by the abuse of the institution swells to something appalling. Yet these are only the extreme cases. They are the lowest abysses, but there is a sad succession of depth after depth before reaching them. In domestic as in political tyranny, the case of absolute monsters chiefly illustrates the institution by showing that there is scarcely any horror which may not occur under it if the despot pleases, and thus setting in a strong light what must be the terrible frequency of things only a little less atrocious. Absolute fiends are as rare as angels, perhaps rarer: ferocious savages, with occasional touches of humanity, are, however, very frequent: and in the wide interval which separates these from species, how many are the forms and gradations of animalism and selfishness, often under an outward varnish of civilization and even cultivation, living at peace with the law, maintaining a creditable appearance to all who are not under their power, yet sufficient, often, to make the lives of all who are so, a torment and a burthen to them!

It would be tiresome to repeat the commonplaces about the unfitness of men in general for power, which, after the political discussions of centuries, every one knows by heart, were it not that hardly any one thinks of applying these maxims to the case in which above all others they are applicable, that of power, not placed in the hands of a man here and there, but offered to every adult male, down to the basest and most ferocious. It is not because a man is not known to have broken any of the Ten Commandments, or because he maintains a respectable character in his dealings with those whom he cannot compel to have intercourse with him, or because he does not fly out into violent bursts of ill-temper against those who are not obliged to bear with him, that it is possible to surmise of what sort his conduct will be in the unrestraint of home. Even the commonest men reserve the violent, the sulky, the undisguisedly selfish side of their character, for those who have no power to withstand it. The relation of superiors to dependants is the nursery of these vices of character, which, wherever else they exist, are an overflowing from that source. A man who is morose or violent to his equals, is sure to be one who has lived among inferiors, whom he could frighten or worry into submission. If the family in its best forms is, as it is often said to be, a school of sympathy, tenderness, and loving forgetfulness of self, it is still oftener as respects its chief, a school of wilfulness, overbearingness, unbounded self-indulgence, and a double-dyed and idealized selfishness, of which sacrifice itself is only a particular form; the care for the wife and children being only care for them as parts of the man's own interests and belongings, and their individual happiness being immolated in every shape to his smallest preferences.

What better is to be looked for under the existing form of the institution? We know that the bad propensities of human nature are only kept within bounds when they are allowed no scope for their indulgence. We know that from impulse and habit, when not from deliberate purpose, almost every one to whom others yield, goes on encroaching upon them, until a point is reached at which they are compelled to resist. Such being the common tendency of human nature; the almost unlimited power which present social institutions give to the man over at least one human being — the one with whom he resides, and whom he has always present — this power seeks out and evokes the latent germs of selfishness in the remotest corners of his nature — fans its faintest sparks and smouldering embers — offers to him a license for the indulgence of those points of his original character which in all other relations he would have found it necessary to repress and conceal, and the repression of which would in time have become a second nature.

I know that there is another side to the question. I grant that the wife, if she cannot effectually resist, can at least retaliate; she, too, can make the man's life extremely uncomfortable, and by that power is able to carry many points which she ought not to prevail in. But this instrument of self-protection — which may be called the power of the scold, or the shrewish sanction — has the fatal defect, that it avails most against the least tyrannical superiors, and in favor of the least deserving dependents. It is the weapon of irritable and self-willed women; of those who would make the worst use of power if they themselves had it, and who generally turn this power to a bad use. The amiable cannot use such an instrument, the highminded disdain it. And on the other hand, the husbands against whom it is used most effectively are the gentler and more inoffensive; those who cannot be induced, even by provocation, to resort to any very harsh exercise of authority. The wife's power of being disagreeable, generally only establishes a counter-tyranny, and makes victims in their turn chiefly of those husbands who are least inclined to be tyrants.

These are "bold words," and will perhaps strike home in many cases.

Many will recognize the truth of Mr. Mills' assertions, and see the application of them not far from home.

In regard to that lately much-mooted question of the employment of women in the various positions now considered open only to the opposite sex, Mr. Mills says:

On the other point which is involved in the just equality of women, their admissibility to all the functions and occupations hitherto retained as the monopoly of the stronger sex, I should anticipate no difficulty in convincing any one who has gone with me on the subject of the equality of women in the family. I believe that their disabilities elsewhere are only clung to in order to maintain their subordination in domestic life; because the generality of the male sex cannot yet tolerate the idea of living with an equal. Were it not for that, I think that almost every one, in the existing state of opinion in politics and political economy, would admit the injustice of excluding half the human race from the greater number of lucrative occupations, and from almost all high social functions; ordaining from their birth either that they are not, and cannot by any possibility become, fit for employments which are legally open to the stupidest and basest of the other sex, or else that however fit they may be, those employments shall be interdicted to them, in order to be preserved for the exclusive benefit of males. In the last two centuries, when (which was seldom the case) any reason beyond the mere existence of the fact was thought to be required to justify the disabilities of women, people seldom assigned as a reason their inferior mental capacity; which, in times when there was a real trial of personal faculties (from which all women were not excluded) in the struggles of public life, no one really believed in. The reason given in those days was not woman's unfitness, but the interest of society, by which was meant the interest of men: just as the *raison d'etat*, meaning the convenience of the government, and the support of existing authority, was deemed a sufficient explanation and excuse for the most flagitious crimes.

In the present day, power holds a smoother language, and whomsoever it oppresses, it always pretends to do so for their own good: accordingly, when anything is forbidden to women, it is thought necessary to say, and desirable to believe, that they are incapable of doing it, and that they depart from their real path of success and happiness when they aspire to it. But to make this reason plausible (I do not say valid), those by whom it is urged must be prepared to carry it to a much greater length than any one ventures to do in the face of present experience. It is not sufficient to maintain that women on the average are less gifted than men on the average, with certain of the higher mental faculties, or that a smaller number of women than of men are fit for occupations and functions of the highest intellectual character.

It is necessary to maintain that no women at all are fit for them, and that the most eminent women are inferior in mental faculties to the most mediocre of the men on whom those functions at present devolve. For if the performance of the function is decided either by competition, or by any mode of choice which secures regard to the public interest, there need be no apprehension that any important employments will fall into the hands of women inferior to average men, or to the average of their male competitors. The only result would be that there would be fewer women than men in such employments; a result certain to happen in any case, if only from the preference always likely to be felt by the majority of women for the vocation in which there is nobody to compete with them. Now, the most determined depreciator of women will not venture to say that the experience of recent times, to that of ages past, women, and not a few merely, but many women, have proved themselves capable of everything, perhaps without a single exception, which is done by men, and of doing it successfully and creditably. The utmost that can be said, is, that there are many things which none of them have succeeded in doing as well as they have been done by some men — many in which they have not reached the very highest rank. But there are extremely few, dependent only on mental faculties, in which they have not attained the rank next to the highest.

"The Subjection of Women" will do a great deal toward arousing the minds of men and women to these vital questions. "Let agitation come;" the more of it, the better. We wish for this book a wide circulation, and predict that it will add much to the bright laurel wreath which already decks the distinguished reformer whose name it bears.

LITERARY NEWS.

— Boston is to have a *Times*.

— Bryant has in press a volume of letters.

— George Evans is out with another story.

— Peter Parley's stories are being republished.

— San Francisco is to have a new daily illustrated journal.

— General Halpine's posthumous volume of poems has realized a handsome sum for his heirs.

— Mrs. Grant used to write verses, and correspond for a paper.

— Strong efforts are being made to revive the *National Intelligencer*.

— Tennyson's new Poem, or the "Quest of the Holy Grail," is announced in London.

— A volume of "English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases" has been issued in London.

— They say Stonewall Jackson never went by Barbara Frietchie's house. All the more credit to John G's imagination, then.

— The *Western Progress*, an eight-page weekly, is published at Brownsville, Minn., with Miss French as editor and joint-proprietor.

— Roberts Brothers of Boston will issue a new Poem by Epes Sargent, in the Fall. It will be somewhat longer than Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

— Mrs. Ann S. Stephens is writing a set of American historical novels, something after the manner of Miss Muhlbach's narratives of European history.

— James Linen, a Scotch poet, whose sweet lines have found much favor among living Caledonians, is just dead, having reached the ripe age of seventy.

— A new paper, called the *Western Sunday Review*, has been commenced in this city. George R. Norton is editor and publisher. It bears a good appearance.

— P. T. Barnum is hard at work getting up a new and probably revised edition of his autobiography, which, it is said, will be ready for the publisher some time this month.

— A great controversy has been going on among literary and other journals, respecting the authorship of "Beautiful Snow." It is certainly a poetic gem of the "first water."

— Dr. Johnson's original autograph Ms. of the "Life of Pope," was recently sold in London for £237. Some autograph letters of Nelson brought £150, and some historical epistles of Cromwell's, £55.

— Senator Henry M. Wilson, of Massachusetts, has written a letter to Parton, the sensational biographer and essayist, thanking him for a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly* in defence of the reputation of Congress.

— M. Philarete Chasles, who was the pretended finder of several spurious manuscripts, which have for a short time excited angry discussions among the *savans* at Europe, is to be criminally prosecuted in Paris for false pretence.

— Love and Liberty, by Alex. Dumas, the great French author, is in press, and will be published in a few days, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Anything that Dumas writes is entertaining, and it will probably command very large sale.

— President Jones, of the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, Ill., has almost completed his work on "China and the Chinese," the result of the observations and experience of his six years' Government service as Consul at Macao, Amoy and Canton.

— Miss S. A. Brock is collecting in a volume the favorite poems of our poets, that is, the one poem of each one which is the favorite of the author. The idea is novel, and Mr. William C. Bryant approves of it, "as showing the comparative favor with which our poets regard what they have written."

— M. Bordier, a French historian, having undertaken to prove that such a person as William Tell actually existed, has been effectually demolished by M. Rilliet, the learned author of "Origine de la Confederation Suisse," who shows, beyond a peradventure, that the mythical hero of Switzerland is nothing but a myth.

— The Windsor & Annapolis Railway, in Nova Scotia, traverses the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." The locomotives on the road, which is now nearly finished, are named, in honor of the characters in this and other of Longfellow's poems, the Gabriel, the Gaspereau, the Evangeline, the Hiawatha, and the Minnehaha.

— Mr. G. W. Carleton is altering, for his entire publishing business, the well-known hotel, "Worth House," at the junction of Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Madison Square — the most fashionable and aristocratic point in the United States. Mr. C. has recently issued "a serio-comic intermittent periodical" called the "Kaleidoscope."

PERSONAL.

— Train is in Oregon.

— Tennyson is at Paris.

— The Pope's brother is dead.

— Marshal Nell of France is dead.

— Senator Yates is going to California.

— Miss Braddon the novelist is insane.

— George Peabody is still failing in health.

— Brick Pomeroy is lecturing on temperance.

— Gen. Robert Anderson is at Dresden. So is Captain Worden, once of the Monitor.

— Union College has a new President, — Mr. Aiken.

— Millard Filmore is the gayest old man at Saratoga.

— A son of Garibaldi recently sailed from New York for Europe.

— A. T. Stewart says, the more he advertises, the more he sells. (Goods.)

— Chay Chew and Sing Man are being lionized, east, to their hearts' content.

— Mrs. Stowe is 104 years old, and very sprightly. (This is *not* Harriet.)

— Mason the embassador has purchased a handsome residence near Alexandria, Va.

— "Mark Twain," (S. C. Clemmens,) has purchased an interest in the Buffalo *Express*, and takes a position on the editorial staff.

— Charles Reade has never been prevailed upon to sit for his photograph except once, and has never permitted a copy of that likeness to be taken.

— Apoplexy agrees with Mr. Bigelow, now editor of the New York *Times*. It gave him the ministry to France when it killed Mr. Dayton, and now it has killed Mr. Raymond for him.

— The Adams line has an eternal lease on notoriety. The present John Quincy A., or "Jack" as he is familiarly called, is said to be the "most talked of young man in Massachusetts."

— Anna Dickinson is delighting the Californians. She is described by a prudently-enthusiastic editor as "not pretty, but handsome; not lovely, but loveable; not stunning, but admirable."

— Gen. Hancock is in St. Louis, John Bell is very sick, Edwin Booth is at Long Branch, Colfax is at San Francisco, Archbishop McCloskey has gone to Europe, and Prince Arthur is going to Halifax.

— Edmond About, in a recent account of a tour in Egypt, complains bitterly of the acts of vandalism committed there by Americans and Englishmen, who, he adds, are the only people who do these things.

— Dr. Lyman Coleman, of the Department of the Chicago Theological Classic elected temporary President of the American Philological Convention, which met at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Tuesday.

— "Josh Billings" (Henry W. Shaw) boards in New York, makes six or eight thousand dollars a year, used to be an auctioneer, is a good storyteller, is cheerful, genial, witty, kind, and horribly ugly.

— Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, late of the Confederate Cabinet. but now of England, has, after two years' appearance at the British bar, been made Queen's Counsel, an honor almost without precedent in the promptitude of its bestowal.

— Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. Church, is a believer in communication with the spirit-world. Although not adopting the title of Spiritualist, he preaches sound Spiritualistic discourses. He is to speak at the great Methodist Camp Meeting near Chicago, next week.

— A man named Holt held Commodore Vanderbilt's horse "Mountain Boy," on two occasions. The Commodore took a fancy to him, and sent him to Wall street, where, under the instructions and with the help of his patron, he made a cool hundred thousand in a few days.

— J. S. Loveland, one of the champion debaters of the Spiritualists, is growing a crop of corn, as well as conducting a fine garden, at Monmouth, Ill., where he now resides. Though dealing with abstruse and mystic questions to some extent, Mr. L. is a practical man, and does not eschew the good things of this subliunary world.

— In commemoration of the hundredth birthday of the First Napoleon, the Emperor of the French issued a decree in which he grants full and complete amnesty to the press and political offenders, to persons convicted of evasion of taxes, to deserters from the army and navy, and to sailors in the merchant marine who have abandoned their ships.

— Dr D. C. Dake has closed his office at St. Louis during the heated term, and, in response to calls, has made some appointments in leading towns and cities of the West. The doctor is a member of a distinguished family of that name in western New York, many of whom enjoy eminence as physicians. Although educated to medical practice, the Doctor openly declares that he receives marked aid from the spirit-world in treating the sick.

— Jas. F. Joy, of Detroit, President of the Michigan Central, and "the railroad king of Michigan," is a large owner in the Boston and Albany, New York Central, Great Western of Canada, Michigan Central, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Hannibal and St. Joseph, as well as a Kansas road. His aim is to secure one unbroken line, of uniform guage, from Boston to Galveston, Texas — a work second only to the Pacific Railway in magnitude and importance.

Vegetarianism--Statistics Wanted.

All readers of THE UNIVERSE who are *practical vegetarians*, are invited to address the undersigned, stating how long they have abstained from flesh; whether salt is used; whether butter, milk or eggs; whether tea, coffee, or any other drink, except water; whether as a counterbalance to the subtraction of flesh, etc., from the dietary, any additions were made; whether the desire for domestic and foreign fruits is increased; for nuts in winter; for certain grains or vegetables not before craved; the effect upon the general health, physical strength, and mentality; what occupation pursued; and any other particulars which may occur at the time of writing, likely to throw light upon the general subject of dietetics.

Also, would be glad to receive from "theoretical" vegetarians any observations they may be pleased to offer.

J. MADISON ALLEN.

Terre Haute, Indiana, Box 441.

Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.

A Convention will be held at the Court House, in the city of Racine, Wis., on Saturday and Sunday, October 2nd and 3rd, 1869, for the purpose of organizing a Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.

Good speakers will be present. Provision will be made for entertaining all who may come. Let us have a grand rally to this "feast of reason and flow of soul."

By Order of Committee.

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Free Religion.

Rev. Charles L. Balch will address the Free Religious Association, Sunday, Aug. 22d. at 7¾ P. M., at Mirasole Hall, 214 Wabasn Ave. Subject: "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" In the morning at 10½ a Conversation." Subject: "Have We Evidence of the Conscious Individual Existence of Man after Death?" You are cordially invited.

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American (Waltham) Silver Watch	40	25
Geneva Gent's Gold Watch (engraved)	85	50
Geneva Ladies' Gold Watch (engraved and enamelled)	70	35
Geneva Ladies' Gold Watch	60	32
Geneva Gent's Silver Watch (full-jewelled)	25	18
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Foster's Artificial Leg	125	80
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Violin, Genuine Stainer. Ebony Trimmings (with Bow and Case)	40	20
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Musical Box, (Six Airs, 5½ Inch Barrel, Rosewood Case, Inlaid)	40	20
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Accordeon, (Ten Keys, Three Sets Reeds)	18	12
Accordeon (Eight Keys, Two Sets Reeds)	10	8
Concertina, Patent, (2) Keys, Imitation Rosewood)	7	6
Concertina (30 Keys, Ebonized and Joint)	15	10
Woodruff's Portable Barometer	18	12
Woodruff's Portable Barometer	12	8
Appleton's American Cyclopedia (16 vol.)	80	40
Webster's New Illustrated Dictionary	12	10
Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary	6	6
Large Quarto Family Bible (Morocco full gilt)	12	10
Mitchell's New General Atlas, (Ninety-two Maps and plans)	10	9
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Double Plated Dinning Castor (five bottles)	5	5
Triple Plated Table Knives (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	10	9
Triple Plated Dessert or Tea Knives (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	9	8
Triple Plated Table Forks (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	6	6
Double Plated Table Forks (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	5	5
Double Plated Dessert Forks (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	4	4
Triple Plated Table Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	6	6
Double Plated Table Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	5	5
Triple Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., twelve)	5	5
Double Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., twelve)	4	4
Triple Plated Dessert Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six)	4	4
Triple Plated Cake Basket	12	11
Fine Plated Spoon Cup	8	8
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Ladies Gold Pin and Ear Drops (Jet and Pearl)	20	16
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Ladies' Gold Pin and Ear Drops (Jet Cross)	10	10
Ladies' Gold Pin and Ear Drops (Garnet)	6	6
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THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 21, 1869.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon three or four years since, in referring to the use made of the so-called "Word of God" to prop up human wrongs, remarked that the Bible "is a stick from which you can whittle most anything." With this in view, it is surprising with what severity many will denounce those who question the infallibility of biblical teachings. J. P. Mendum, Publisher of the Boston *Investigator*, the able and liberal "infidel" journal, publishes a little work of forty-eight pages, filled with extracts from the Bible, showing multitudinous self-contradictions. They are classified, affirmatively and negatively, without any comment, giving the exact language in each case. We subjoin a few extracts from the work:

I have seen God face to face.—No man hath seen God at any time.

With God all things are possible.—And the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.

I am the Lord, I change not. I will not go back, neither will I repent.—And God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto them, and he did it not.

There is no respect of persons with God.—Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated.—Is not my way called equal?—For whosoever hath, to him shall be given; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.

I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children.—The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.

It is impossible for God to lie.—If the Prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet.

Take no thought for the morrow.—But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.—He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.

Provide neither gold nor silver nor scrip for your journey, neither shoes nor yet staves.—Take nothing save a *staff* only; no scrip, no bread, no money, but be shod with *sandals*.

Be not afraid of them that kill the body.—And after these things Jesus would not walk in Jewry, because the Jews sought to kill him.

Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.—The new moons and Sabbaths I cannot away with; it is iniquity.

All the women children keep alive for yourselves.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.—Then said the Lord unto me, go ye to, love a woman, an adulteress.—Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.

If brethren dwell together and one of them die, the wife of the dead shall not marry without; her husband's brother shall take her to wife.—If a man shall take his brother's wife, it is an unclean thing.

I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment.—But the midwives feared God, and did not as the king commanded.—Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, answered and said: Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.—For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil.—And the rulers were gathered together against the Lord and against his Christ.—The powers that be are ordained of God.—Both Herod and Pontius Pilate.

And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.—It was about the sixth hour, and he saith, Shall I crucify your king?

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene unto the sepulchre.—The first day of the week came Mary Magdalene and the other *Mary*.—Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, and *Salome* brought sweet spices.—It was Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, *and other women*, that were with them.

And the man which journeyed with him [Paul] stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man.—And when we were all fallen to the earth, *I* heard a voice. And they that were with me heard *not* the voice.

Therefore Michal, the daughter of Saul, had no child unto the day of her death.—The five sons of Michal, the daughter of Saul.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel.—And Satan provoked David to number Israel.

And David's heart smote him after he had numbered the people. And David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done.—David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite.

I bear witness of myself, yet my record is true.—If I bear witness of myself my witness is not true.

By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.—A man is not justified by the works of the law.—Ye see, then, how that by works a man is justified.

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.—He that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.

My yoke is easy and my burden is light.—All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.—There shall no evil happen to the just.—Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.—In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

It shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days.—Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power?

Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction will drive it far from him.—Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.

The rich man's wealth is his strong tower.—Woe unto you that are rich.—The destruction of the poor is his poverty.—Blessed be ye poor.—Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I deny thee, or lest I be poor and steal.

—Popular Sentiment is one of the great moving powers of the world. He who gets under it stands a good chance of being hidden for a time, if not crushed.

APRON-STRINGS.

To home-staying women, a brilliant husband, courted by the world, and loving what courts him, is a painful cross to bear, however much beloved—the pain, in fact, being proportionate to the love. Perhaps no life exemplifies this so much as Moore's. Poor "Bessy" suffered many things because of the looseness of the apron-string by which her roving husband was tied, and the length of the tether which he allowed himself. *Farfallone amoroso* as he was, his incessant fluttering out of range and reach caused her many a sad hour, and in after years she was often heard to say that the happiest time in her life was when his mind had begun to fail, for then she had him all to herself, and no one came in between them—no great world swept him away to be the idol of a *salon*, and left her alone at home casting up her accounts with life, and quaking at the result that came out. When the brilliancy and the idolatry came to an end, then her turn began; and she tied up her dulled and faltering idol close to her side for ever after, and was happier to have him there than when he was at his brightest, and a rover.

Many a wife has felt the same when sickness has broken down the strong man's power to a weakness below her own, and made her, so long the inferior, now the more powerful of the two, and supreme. She gathers up the reins with that firm, tight hand peculiar to women, and ties him to her apron-string so that he cannot escape. It is quite a matter of pride with her that she has got him into such good order. He obeys her so implicitly about his medicines, and going to bed early, and wrapping himself up, and avoidance of draughts and night air, that she feels all the reflecting glory of one who has conquered a hero. The Samson who used to defy the elements, and break her careful strings like bands of tow, has at last laid his head in her lap, and suffered himself to be covered by her apron. It is worth while to have had the anxiety and loss of his illness for the sake of the submission resulting; and she generally ends by gaining a hold over him which he can never shake off again. It is pitiful though to see the stronger life thus dwarfed and bound; but women like it, and while the need for it lasts, men must submit.

The danger is, lest the habit of the apron-string should become permanent; for it is so perilously pleasant to be petted and made much of by women, that few men can resist the temptation when it offers; and many have been ruined for the remainder of their days by an illness which gave them up into the keeping of wives and sisters—those fireside Armidas who will coddle all the real manliness out of their finest heroes, if they are let. If this kind of thing occurs at the break of life, it is doubly difficult to throw off; and many a man who had good years of vigor and strength before him if he had been kept up to the mark, sinks all at once into effete senility because his womankind got frightened at that last small attack of his, and thought the best way to preserve him from another was to weaken him by over-care.

If women had their will, all national enterprise would be at an end. There would be no Arctic expeditions, no Alpine clubs, no dangerous experiments in science, no firearms at home, no volunteering—in their own family, at least. All the danger would be done by the husbands and sons and brothers of women, but each would guard her own. For women cannot go beyond the individual, and the loss of one of their own, by misadventure, weighs more with them, than the necessity of keeping up the courage and hardihood of the nation. Nor do they see the difference between care and coddling refinement and effeminacy; consequently, men are obliged to resist their influence, and many cut the apron-string altogether, because delicate fingers will tie the knots too tight. They do not remember that the influence to which men yield as a voluntary act of their own grace is a very different thing from obedience to the open denial, the undisguised interference and restraint, which some women like to show.

Men respect the higher standard of morality kept up by women, and they obey the major and minor laws of refinement which are framed for home life and for society; and they confess that, without woman's influence, they would soon degenerate into mere savages, and be no better than so many Choctaws, before a generation was over; but they do not like being pulled up short, especially in public, and hounded into the safe sheepfold. And they resent the endeavor And the world resents it, too, and feels that something is wrong, when a woman shows that she has the whip hand, and that she can treat her husband like a petted child, or bully him like a refractory one; that she has him tied to her apron-strings, and tethered to the stake of her will. But there is more of this kind of thing in families than the world at large already knows off; and many a fine, stalwart fellow, who holds his own among men, and is looked up to and respected for his courage, decision and self-reliance, sinks into mere poodledom at home, where his wife has somehow managed to get hold of the leading-strings, and has taught him that the only way to peace is by submission and obedience.—*Saturday Review.*

AN OLD LETTER OF GALILEO.

The following has been laid before the French Institute, by the eminent geologist M. Ellide Beaumont, as a letter written by the philosopher Galileo, to Louis XIII.:

ARCETRI, this 28 November 1639.

SIRE: I do not know how to pay the debt I owe His Majesty for the interest he has taken in me. I thank him very sincerely for his kindness and for the generous offer which he has made me through his Embassador and Extraordinary, and it is with regret that I find myself unable to accept so generous an offer. I do not doubt, Sire, that at Paris I shall find, under your ægis and your kind protection, all the attention that my condition requires; but I have fallen here into certain ways of living, and, for me, habit is like a second natnre. And if the light of my eyes is not born again as rapidly as I had hoped, and I could desire, it is not for lack of care. For the rest I wish to assure Your Majesty that, although it is a great privation for me not to be able to continue my astronomical observations, I am learning to resign myself to it; and I think myself happy that, at my age, and, after having suffered so much, I am still able to read and write, which gives me great satisfaction. As for certain gossipping stories which some people have credited and circulated with regard to this matter, I shall not put myself out of the way to deny them, for the resaon that, in consequence of them, I am much the less beset by my enemies—that is, by the inquisitors, who never cease to spy upon me. I have even made use of the pretext of blindness, that I might be left in repose, and to myself. It is not necessary that I should say anything more on this subject to His Majesty. However it may turn out, I shall be none the less grateful for all that he has done, and all that he has wished to do for me. For that I remain, Sire, His Majesty's very humble and obedient servant,

GALILFO GALILEI. I.

THE INFERIORITY OF OUR COFFEE.

A correspondent, writing from England, says:

My attention has been drawn to an article in a leading daily paper, expatiating on the great inferiority of coffee used by us as a beverage, when compared with its excellence in some others countries, and the writer fortifies his remarks by observing that "a cup of good coffee is as rare in England as a blue diamond."

Without going into the entire analysis, untold adulterations and general treatment of coffee in these islands, which might be too long for insertion, a few remarks on its proper and improper torrefaction must not be regarded as offering any extenuation, or in any degree accounting for, the very inferior article supplied us in the ground state, under the name of coffee, but to inform those who may be desirous of preparing their own, and to induce scientific men to direct their attention to this most important subject.

That to all who have visited the continent, a cup of good coffee is as rare in England as a blue diamond, is an incontrovertible fact, for although the finest coffee the world produces is brought here, we English, if ever we procure the choicest quality, and grind our own, have but a vague conception what a cup of good coffee really is; hence, it is evident some "radical defect" must, as has been stated, underlie our mode of preparing the berry. Considering the vast importance of this article, socially and commercially, and the great strides science has recently made, it appears incredible the cause of this defect has never been thoroughly investigated, and an improvement in its preparation suggested by one or other of our great analytical chemists. At the first blush it would appear to be a grave reflection on our wives, cooks and housekeepers, but a very little scientific elucidation will dispel any such idea.

The coffee berry is roasted in this country not only in comparatively close iron cylinders, but also in large quantities at a time; by which means the grosser elements, instead of being evolved and evaporated, become condensed, and from the chemical action of the chlorogenate of potassa upon the cellulose or woody fibre, the generation of a new and most acrid bitter substance, called tannin, is formed (*never to be found in its natural state*), which completely deprives coffee of its *true* flavor.

The method adopted by the natives of Ceylon, recently referred to, "who only take the quantity of berries required for present use, and roast them in an *earthen* pot, etc.," though simple, is the only compatible and philosophical process; for by preparing coffee in small quantities, in *open* vessels, all the mineral azotised substances are freely evaporated, and the formation of tannin entirely prevented, whereby the caffeine is retained in its pristine purity.

Now caffeine being to coffee what theine is to tea—the primary principle—its complete preservation should be our chief aim; consequently, the infinite superiority resulting from this primitive mode of treating the berry in Ceylon and other Oriental countries where labor is cheap, at once explains our "radical defect," and reveals the true secret of its more exhilarating properties and full aroma.

From the foregoing deductions, it is but too manifest that until the hand of science devises some means of preparing the berry in perfect accordance with its constituents, and in quantities commensurate to the requirements of a commercial community, *coffee as it ought to be* must ever remain with the multitude, "as rare as blue diamonds."

"PUT THE RASCAL OUT!"

While the congregation were collecting at church, on a certain occasion, an old, dark, hard-featured, skin-and-bone individual was seen wending his way up the aisle, and taking his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detested written sermons, and as for prayers, he thought they ought to be the natural out-pourings of the heart. After the singing was concluded they were as usual called to prayer. The genius we have introduced, did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally upon his pew. The minister began by saying:

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and savage adored"—

"Pope!" said a low but clear voice near old hard-feature.

The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice, continued:

"Whose throne sitteth on the adamantine hills of Paradise—"

"Milton!" again interrupted the voice.

"We thank thee, most gracious Father that we are permitted once more to assemble in Thy name, while others, equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from which no traveler returns—"

"Shakspeare!" again interrupted the voice.

This was too much.

"Put that impudent rascal out!" shouted the minister.

"Original!" ejaculated the voice, in the same calm but provoking manner.

LAW AND WORKING PEOPLE.

The results of interference by law in respect to the working classes, although well intended, are often injurious, as the following illustrates:

The English law forbidding milliners to employ their workwomen after 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, has, it is asserted, simply placed this class of laborers in a worse condition than they were before. The mantua-makers complain that when four o'clock arrives on Saturday, the work rooms must be closed, and that they are obliged to take the work home, and find light and fire at their own expense. The half day is deducted from their wages if Saturday afternoon is spent as a holiday, and if the mantua makers work, they are put to this additional expense. As there is an over-supply of working people in England, the employers, though restricted as to the hours of labor, can control the wages paid. The mantua makers have not as yet formed themselves into unions in order to protect their rights.

—Augustine was so careful not to speak evil of the absent, and not to encourage others in doing so, that he had the following distitch engraved on his table:

"Far from this tab e be the worthless guest
Who wounds another's fame, though but in jest."

COUNT DE GASPARIN VS. "FEMALE" SUFFRAGE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that Count de Gasparin's new work, *L'Egalite*, shows a good deal of familiarity with the cotemporary politics, and the course of social events in England and America. It consists of a series of decidedly diffuse "conferences" held last winter at Geneva on the subject of its title. A lengthy "note" is appended on "Women and Political Equality," in which the Count writes himself down an "old fogy," pretty plainly. Supposing women to be given votes, he says:

The female elector will fill her roll as mother equally ill with that of wife; they will both be lost in the whirl of politics. In the first place, public life claims time. Those who invite woman to become a man, really only wish it to a minimum extent. Unfortunately, logic has its inexorabilities. One is a man or one is not. One enters public life or one does not; it is a question of taking up and letting alone. The women who embark in public affairs must devote a portion of their lives to reading the journals, studying public and political opinion, assisting at public meetings, and following parliamentary discussions. * * * * * *

We should see women's clubs, *salons* of political women, and journals written by women (very well written, I doubt not). We should have to stand by at the coming of the female-man (*femmehomme*), inferior both to the woman and to the man, who would have renounced all grace and not have exchanged it for strength. Think of woman delivered over to the press reports, to the insolence of caricature. Trained to the contest, giving and taking hard hits, she would soon lose the charm of softness and modesty, which are at once a charm and a defense. I know well what the family would lose; I wish to be informed what politics would gain; would there be less intrigue, fewer passions, less prejudice, fewer personal questions taking the place of questions of principle? * * * Woman is superior and influential only on condition that she is a true woman. Take from her neither her silent action nor her noble domestic empire, which includes her household, her children, her husband, too, and in addition to these the sick and the indigent. Deprive her not of her exquisite sensibility nor her ermine-like delicacy; do not plunge her into the rude whirl of outside affairs. She will lose all, even to her grace, even to her beauty. The political woman, the blue-stocking, the woman who has exchanged the family for the public, stands already before us in the road on which we are urged, as a warning and a scarecrow. * * * Still, I am not scandalized when I occasionally see a woman filling a man's part, any more than when I see a man taking a woman's. A poor widower may keep house and become almost the mother of his children, without our building theories upon it.

SPIRITUALISM SCIENTIFICALLY EXPLODED.

One "Professor Galen" publishes in the Orange, N. Y., *Chronicle* the following "scientific" explosion of Spiritualism:

Mysterious rappings proceed from the sub-derangement and hyper-effervescence of small conical glandular bodies situated heterogeneously in the rotundum of the inferior *acephalocysts;* which, by coming in unconscious contact with the etherization of the five superior processes of the dorsal vertebræ, also results in "tippings," by giving rise to spontaneous combustions with certain abnormal evacuations of multitudinous *echinorhyncus bicornis*, situated in various abdominal orifices. The *raps* occur from the ebulitions of the former in certain temperamental structures; and the *tips* from the thoracic cartilagineous ducts, whenever their contents are compressed by cerebral inclination.

All rapping media, therefore, have that extraordinary affection, known by the profession as *cephalomatous*—being, in common phraseology, an elastic obtuseness of the superior hemispheres of the cerebellosus. Whenever such patients (vulgarly termed "mediums") arrange their *manui* (hands) or cerebellous functions and protuberances in *corpus* juxtaposition with a table or other substance, the *movings* occur as a matter of compulsatory necessity, to wit: by an *ejaculation* of volatile invisible effervential *gases* (*flatulentus cerebelli*), generated by the decomposition of *ascaris lumbricoides;* which, being regular descendants of the *gymnotus electricus*, perambulate miscellaneosly through the duodenum and the abdominal viscera generally. The vulgar theories and anti-professional hypotheses of *spiritual spasmodic* action of the muscular system, or of *electrical aura*, in spontaneous dislodgment and preternatural infiltration, we pronounce delusive, gentlemen, and unhesitatingly reject them, *in toto*, as unhealthy excretions and galvanic evolutions of diseased and contused cerebellous glands, called, by the uneducated, phrenological organs or faculties.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure on the desert—"a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco, damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII., the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called damaskening—with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the "silk of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.

A STRANGE FUNERAL RITE.

Among a certain portion of our population (says a New Orleans exchange) it is the custom to bury the dead at night. The ceremony, performed by the flash of lamps and surrounded by darkness,—the city quiet and the solemn hour of midnight on the toll,—is impressive and awe-inspiring. But when, added to this, a weird superstition is flung over the awful rite, the feelings and emotions with which one witnesses it, are augmented with a terror almost impossible to subdue.

In the lower part of the city, are a few families of Malays. By what circumstances they ever removed here is not known, but they preserve the customs and semi-barbarous superstitions that have distinguished their people and country. They bury their dead at night, and, like the American Indians, slaughter upon the grave some animal the deceased loved in life. Saturday afternoon, a young girl died on Barrack street, and was buried on Sunday night in the old cemetery on Gentilly road. There being no priest of their religion here, the ceremony was performed by the oldest man of their country residing among them. He was clad in a dark robe, and preceded, on foot, the cortege which conveyed the remains to the grave. Arriving there, the tomb was anointed, and a fish and some cake placed in the vault. This was accompanied by a ceremony at once solemn and impressive. This over, a bird was killed and laid on the breast of the deceased, whilst all the friends and relatives passed by the coffin, each one laying a hand upon the head, and saying in their native tongue the simple word "Farewell!"

No tears were shed. They do not view the transition of the soul an occasion of grief. The solemn parting is but a temporary separation, and the resignation they manifest affords an example Christians might well conclude to imitate. The ceremonial over, the family return home, accompanied by their immediate friends, where fruit, and wine, and bread are given to each in the name of the dead. By it they promise to preserve their constancy to each other, and by their love for the dead perpetuate their friendship. Altogether, it is an impressive ceremony, solemn and loving, as the memory of the dead should be.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

In a brotherly embrace the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death roamed through the earth. It was evening. They encamped on a hill, not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy stillness reigned all around; even the Ave Maria, that solemn evening bell, which melts the poet's heart, was gradually dying away in the distant village. Still, and silent, as is their custom, sat the two benevolent geniuses of humanity in a friendly clasp, while night set slowly in. Then the Angel of Sleep arose from his mossy couch, and strewed with his light hand the invisible slumber-seeds. The evening winds wafted them to the lowly huts of the weary husbandmen. Now sweet sleep enveloped them all, from the aged with his staff, to the nursling in his cradle; the sick forgetting his pain, the sorrowful his grief, the poor his cares. All eyes were closed. Having fulfilled his mission, the kind and soothing Angel of Sleep laid down again near his stern brother.

"When the morning rays gild the eastern sky with the glory of our transcendental home," said he, in blissful innocence, "then shall men bless me as their friend and benefactor! Oh, what joy, to do good invisibly and in secret! How happy are we faithful messengers of the good spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!" Thus spoke the friendly Angel of Rest.

The Angel of Death cast a sorrowful glance toward him, and tears, as only immortals can weep, glistened in his large, dark eyes. "Alas!" said he, "why am I not permitted, like you, to enjoy the happy thanks of earthly children? The earth calls me her enemy—the disturber of her pleasures!"

"Oh, my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "will not the redeemed soul, at her awakening, when the glories of the higher life dawn upon her, recognize thee as her friend and benefactor, and bless thee most gratefully? Are we not brothers, children of one father?" Thus spake he; then the sad orbs of the Death Angel glistened again, but this time with hope and faith, and the brotherly spirits embraced more tenderly.

KRUMMACHER.

SOCIAL LIFE IN CHINA.

In China man and wife never walk together arm in arm in public, nor even side by side, but the wife always follows her lord at a respectful distance, as the women do among the American Indians. At social parties the sexes sit at different tables, occupy separate rooms, and visit only among themselves. Strangers of opposite sexes are never introduced, nor do the women ever speak to the men, unless relatives or very intimate associates of the family. There is no such thing as social life, in our sense of the word, among the Chinese. And all their social and domestic theories and practices are based on the idea of woman's inferiority and insignificance. She is regarded only as a servant and underling, and as in no sense fit to be a companion and equal of man. She feels her inferiority, and in the main submits cheerfully to her fate. The idea of "woman's rights" has never entered her mind. So thoroughly is this feeling of inferiority ingrained in her nature, that, in the only book ever produced in China by a woman author, the proposition is gravely stated and elaborately argued and illustrated, that "woman was made for the same purpose that tiles are—for men to tread upon." They are astonished to see the freedom and equality allowed between the sexes among Europeans, and argue strenuously against it, and, when vanquished in the argument, they reply with their usual stubbornness and pertinacity: "May be good for Melican man; for China man no good." Since the coming of European ladies into China, some of their own women have begun to entertain some little idea of their rights, and it has now become a proverb among the men, that "the most dangerous things that can be imported into China are foreign women and foreign gunpowder." Yet, on the whole, the weaker sex are rather kindly treated, and, in general, are not much abused.

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—Elkhart, Ind., has been "peculiarly gratified," one of its papers says, "in the elopement of a white woman with a 'gemman of color.'"

—An actor lately ran away to Chicago with a boarding-school Miss, aged sixteen, the daughter of a Buffalo banker. The father was in pursuit at last accounts.

—Jennie Linnard, a very pretty Irish girl, poisoned herself to death in Chicago, last week, because one Hazleton, whose mistress she was, would not marry her.

—Jennie Neal, sixteen years of age, and a prostitute for two years, committed suicide, by taking morphine, at Indianapolis, on the 4th. Jealousy was the cause.

—Anthony Cochrane recently shot a young lady in the arm, at Minneapolis, Minn., because she could not love him, and would not marry him. He fled, and has not been found.

—Two frail woman of Louisville resolved to reform, but could get no respectable employment. So they resolved to commit suicide, and each imbibed a large quantity of whisky and morphine. They were saved with difficulty.

—When a Fort Wayne wife told her husband, last week, that she should leave him and fly to the waiting arms of their ex-border, Carter, at Sandusky, the bereaved husband gave her $1,000 and two children, and sent her off in good spirits.

—Annie Jones, a Courtezan from New York, is held to bail at San Francisco in the sum of $3000 on a charge of assault to murder. Her offense consists in having attempted to dissect a rival of that city, nearly cutting off her ear, and stabbing her twice.

—The Waterloo City, Ind., *Air Line*, tells of mysterious disappearance of two respectable members of society, on Monday night, that has caused considerable talk in town. The man left a wife and three children; the woman left a good husband and one child.

—An aged German woman, who had just arrived with her daughter and son-in-law, was abandoned by the latter at the Toledo depot, a few days ago, they going off on the westward train, while she was asleep, and taking all the proceeds of the home, she had sold in Germany to accompany them to America.

—In the village of Downs, McLean county, Ill., on the 13th instant, Jeremiah Padgett, aged 78, married Mrs. Lucy Hammond, aged 63. This is Mr. Padgett's fourth wife, and he has never been six months single since he first experienced the joys of wedded life. He is still hale and hearty, able to plow in the field and do ordinary farm work.

—A girl only thirteen years of age, was taken from the poor-house in Cleveland last year, to live with a family in Toledo. A boarder in the family, an unmarried man of some property, seduced her. The girl told her story when longer concealment was impossible, and the betrayer was arrested, and forced to give his victim a sufficient amount for her support.

—A man, named Moore, residing at Greenville, Ill., recently murdered the wife of a neighbor, to hide an attempted shameful outrage. The editor of *Greenville Advocate*, residing on the spot, says:—"Moore is a member of the Methodist Church, a class-leader, a Sunday-School teacher, in fact has ever taken an active part in the church services, and has generally sustained a good character."

—A young lady of Memphis, Tenn., hearing that a certain young man wanted to get married, dressed up in her tidiest and called on him. Though they had never met before, she immediately made known her errand. Being assured that he was indeed desirous of a companion, she, without preliminaries, offered her heart and hand. The next day they were married, and are now living very happily together.

—A man in Davenport, Iowa, tried a new way of making his wife more agreeable. He took a paper of magnesia, labelled it "arsenic," mixed it in his wife's presence, and, exclaiming, "My dear! I will trouble you no more," swallowed the compound. The lady, seeing the label, rushed for the doctor, and the gentleman was pumped out, notwithstanding his statement of the case and objections to the contrary.

—A young man, living in St. Joseph, Mo., who was lately married, was seated in his house, the other day, when a woman, with whom he had been intimate prior to his marriage, passed the threshold, and placed a young babe in his arms, remarking that he was the father of the child, and would have to support it, as she was about to start for the West. The visitor then quietly departed, leaving the young husband to settle matters with the partner of his home.

—The Rochester (N. Y.) women have successfully combined to restrain prostitution by women and licentiousness by men in that city. After appealing to brothel-keepers to report the names of their patrons, and receiving the appalling reply that the applicants would, if the request was assented to, have to hear the names of their husbands, brothers and even their fathers, the female reformers retired and established a system of espionage over the houses of ill-fame, which at last produced the desired effect.

—The Jefferson, Wis., *Banner* says that a German woman, just from the old country, with her husband and family, had a child born at Baltimore, while on the way, and as neither she nor the child was in good health, and the Doctor thought the latter could not live, after consultation between him and the parents, at Jefferson, it was decided that, as the child could not live, the best plan would be to administer poison, and put the little sufferer out of the way at once. The physician administered the dose, and in a few minutes the child was a corpse.

—As S. Jansen, a Norwegian minister, was walking along Wells street, Chicago, one Sunday evening, he met some girls. They looked at him, and he looked at them. Thinking that he might lead them into the right path if they were in the wrong one, he approached and entered into conversation with one. She said she was a daughter of God, and he was delighted. While talking to her of the joys in prospect when she should pass beyond Jordan, another of the girls picked his pocket of his watch. The party commenced laughing and "cutting up," subsequently, and a policeman arrested Jansen, the innocent one of course, and locked him up.

—Some two years ago, Lieutenant Chism, of Green Co., Wis., courted and married a daughter of a man named Robley. Robley bitterly opposed the match. Chism, who was a rough fellow, and somewhat given to dissipation and rowdyism, proved to be a harsh, unkind and cruel husband, frequently abusing his young wife most shamefully. Last winter his poor wife left him, almost broken-hearted, and returned to her father's house, where she has since lived. Recently, Robley and Chism had an altercation, when the former fired a double-barrelled shot-gun at his son-in-law, and killed him on the spot.

—The Hong Kong *Press* of June 1, says: "Young girls, kidnapped up the country, form a large proportion among the women who are sent over to San Francisco, to be consigned to a life of prostitution. Such a power of coercion is brought to bear upon them, that, in a majority of cases, they fear to take any steps to free themselves from their miserable lot; though many times, while awaiting their departure in Hong Kong, they resolved to escape from a life of degradation and crime, by a self-inflicted and early death. These luckless girls are enticed away from the country by the wiles of wretched hags, who contrive to smuggle them off."

—A gentleman in one of the smallest towns o Connecticut writes to the New York *Independen* as follows:

"I have just read with interest your editorial on 'The Murder of Helplessness.' I do not believe there is a village in the New England States but the crime of foeticide is practiced more or less. There are men who make it their business, with medicines and instruments, to carry on this slaughter. And even M. D.'s, in good and regular standing in the church, have practiced it. Their patients are from the highly religious and fashionable to the low and vicious. Delicate females go in the death of night, dressed in masculine attire, to avoid detection, to obtain the means to hide their shame. The cause of this evil lies in 'lust, which is as near to murder as fire to smoke.' The demoralization of the people at large, in the practice of licentiousness, furnishes a topic of the greatest anxiety for the philanthropist. When American women lose their shame, the race is lost. Church-membership is no bar. The continence of man and chastity of woman is the only hope."

OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

[The following pronunciamento, issued by THE CHICAGOAN in February last, as its "platform" on the Woman Question, has received emphatic commendation, as indicating the fundamental principles embodied in the present efforts for social reorganization. We have been repeatedly requested to keep it before our readers, as the central ground upon which those aiming to remove social wrongs can gather, and as presenting the true basis on which the new social structure must be reared.]

We are on the threshold of a new era, the introduction of which will be marked with a revolution more radical than has ever before been known in the world's history. Systems which have grown hoary with the centuries, enshrined in the holy garb of ecclesiastical authority and sanction, accepted with unquestioning reverence by the race, and almost inextricably interwoven into the whole social, religious and political fabric, are now being assaulted with fierce, unflinching criticism by thinking and practical men and women of these latter days. These systems are denounced as holding one-half of the race in a bondage more despicable and degrading than that which has characterized any other of the slaveries which man has selfishly maintained since the fabled expulsion from Eden.

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the dissevereance of her present dependent relation to man, and the establishment of her rights as a separate and individual being, laden with the privileges and responsibilities that inhere in her as the mother of immortal beings. It means the recognition of her supreme right to the direction and control of affairs relating to her affectional and sexual nature; that she will cease to be the mere instrument of man's pleasure and the medium of transmitting his name to posterity. It means the abolishment of numerous usages and fashions that foster and feed man's passions, until they have control of his being, requiring the continuous sacrifice of woman on the altar of lust. It means that the selection of companions in the most sacred relation of the sexes shall not be the exclusive prerogative of man, if, indeed, as physiological laws and comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be not surrendered to woman. It means the acknowledgment of woman's sovereignty in the parental realm, and that, in all cases of difference in matters of mutual interest, the maternal authority shall be first and dominant.

Such is the ultimate of the present movement in behalf of Woman, and only to this will it come at last. Whether it will be sooner or later, depends upon the wisdom, the courage, and the strength of its advocates. It is plain that, unassisted, Woman cannot speedily accomplish the work. Repressed and dwarfed by false teachings and worse customs through the ages, it is wonderful that she should have wisdom, courage or strength, even to take an humble part, much more to inaugurate the grand work of instatement in the high places from which the might of man has held her. She is entangled in the school of external life; delicate, weak, sensitive to the extremest tension, and susceptible to the influence of every wind of false doctrine and sentiment; jealous of her sisterhood, and only a few of the sex, comparatively, understanding the falseness and degradation of her position. The chivalrous ones of the now dominant sex must uphold and assist the brave women who have already declared for independence. Thousands of other women will rush to the front as soon as the vast work of this revolution shall have been fairly commenced.

Woman must demand her "rights" in the line we have indicated, or her efforts toward the improvement of her condition will be abortive, or at least only partially successful. No half-way measures will avail; the revolution must be complete. This the women of the broadest views, who are in the vanguard of the movement, clearly understand; and it is their wisest policy to follow the lead of principle, and use no honied words nor equivocal phrases to win the favor and assistance of men who otherwise would spurn them. By demanding all, they will get more than by asking only for half of that which they know they should have. The sooner the issue is joined and the position of the respective parties in this "irrepressible conflict" is clearly and fully understood, the sooner will the grand triumph be accomplished—for triumph will surely come, though the struggle may be, at the best, bitter and protracted.

On this platform does the *Chicagoan*, [now THE UNIVERSE,] advocate the cause of Woman, and cast into the scale all the strength and influence it possesses. It should be distinctly known by those who favor the cause of woman that a social reconstruction is involved, —that, in the granting of "woman suffrage," —to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto,—"the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this system inviolate, as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well-founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its deformities and all its virtues—all its basest and its highest uses—all the diseases, discordances, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inexorable laws to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

Let agitation come, who fears?
We need a flood; the filth of years
Has gathered round us. Roll, then, on!
What cannot stand had best be gone!

MARKED CHANGE AT NIAGARA.

The theory that has for some time been discussed with regard to the caving in or wearing away of Niagara, has this season found new fuel to add to the argument in its favor. Considerable comment has been going the rounds of the papers for a few weeks with relation to the changed appearance of the falls from that of last year. The Horse-Shoe, it is stated, has evidently given way some thirty feet in that part of the cone where the "green water" is seen, so that the horse-shoe appearance is metamorposed to that of a triangular shape. It is thought that about 150 tons of rock must have fallen in on the Horse-Shoe alone, and old habitues here are taking landmarks, to notice the recession that may take place before another year. The American Fall, also, has evidently given way at points to a considerable extent. There is no doubt that Niagara is crumbling away and falling back, but the present recession is probably the greatest ever witnessed by any one generation. The heavy ice-fields which pass over in the Spring, the strong currents, and ceaseless wear and tear of time, and the mighty, thundering cataract, must inevitably tell heavily upon the rocky crest of the grand old shrine; but of course its falling away must be so slow as not to be observable to the eye, except when, from time to time, some of the immense bowlders give way.—*Lockport N. Y., Journal.*

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DAWN.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

This Volume has created a sensation wherever introduced, and is praised or censured as those into whose hands it has fallen have been able or not able to see its remarkable truths and beauties. Whatever may be said, it cannot fail to be highly prized by all who are not bound by creed or fettered by opinions of others. Let all read it who have the independence to think and act for themselves.

Truly a most thrilling and wonderful book. The plot is well laid, and the story intensely interesting. But few who read the first chapter will willingly relinquish the book until it has been perused throughout —*Free Press, Galesburg Ill.*

The author no doubt considers herself to be introducing the dawn of a better day in the relationships of men and women, but to us the doctrine inculcated is baneful in the extreme.—*Advance, Chicago, Ill.*

Deals keenly and analytically with the inner sentiments of the soul and touches the profoundest depths of the human heart, portraying with graceful pen the finer and subtler sensibilities and passions.—*Northern Budget, Troy, N. Y.*

The authoress has some strange theories of the married state, and the sphere of the church and the theater, on the lips of her speakers.—*Journal and Courier, New Haven, Ct.*

The tale is cleverly planned, and as cleverly executed; and the tone of the work is high, and well sustained.—*Boston Traveller.*

We consider this work one of the most reliable of the present time.—*City Item, Phil.*

The book is written by a person who has thought a great deal on a great many subjects.—*True Flag, Boston.*

Dawn, the heroine, is a woman with a mission—a true, gentle, loving creature—lead by the higher and purer influences through severe experiences, but sowing seed of good, and strewing flowers along the way she goes, with an abandon of unselfishness.—*Patriot, Barnstable, Mass.*

One great object of the writer is to exhibit the conditions which will exact and purify the marriage relations. The writer evidently writes from an earnest purpose, and the opinions brought forward in the book are those which are now the subjects of vehement discussion in many circles.—*Boston Transcript.*

Human nature and society need a good deal of reconstruction to make them what they ought to be, but the methods advocated here will never accomplish it—rather retard and render it impossible.—*Boston Journal.*

This work bears the sharp, decisive impress of thoughts which strike out like pioneers towards new social and religious platforms. The story of poor Margaret,—alas! there are too many "Margarets" on earth,—is told with touching pathos. It will be especially welcome to friends of the Spiritual Philosophy,—a large, respectable, and rapidly increasing class.—*Chronicle, Penn Yan, N. Y.*

A hasty perusal leads us to the conclusion that this book is of a questionable character. Its tendency is decidedly sceptical. The name of the heroine 'Dawn,' is given as a sort of prophecy that a brighter day is dawning, when men will draw their inspiration from a communion with nature, and reason, rather than from the teachings of the sanctuary.—*Advocate, Buffalo, N. Y.*

The sacred marriage relation is by no means repudiated, nor in any fair sense underrated, but the fatal inharmonies and cruel wrongs growing out of it, as at present recognised, are depicted with powerful faithfulness, and right remedies suggested. The heorine of the book is a truly charming character, endowed with mediumistic powers at her birth.—*Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.*

The story possesses a fascination for its readers that will not allow them to leave it until completed —*Express, Boston.*

It dips freely and boldly into modern life, and current social arrangements, and will interest numerous readers.—*New Yorker, New York.*

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*** *For* $5.00 *sent by any person for* THE UNIVERSE *(for two yearly or ten trial subscriptions), we will forward, postage-paid, a copy of either "Dawn," Mrs. Corbin's "Rebecca," or Anna Dickinson's "What Answer," as a premium.*

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Summer Arrangement.

Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA LINE—DEPOT, NORTH WELLS STREET.—GALENA DIVISION.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Clinton Passenger Line	*8:15 a. m.	*3:50 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*3:00 p. m.	$1:30 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡11:00 p. m.	§5:00 a. m.
Dixon Passenger	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.

FREEPORT LINE.

Freeport & Dunleith Pass.	*9:00 a. m.	*3:10 p. m.
Freeport & Dunleith Pass.	*9:45 p. m.	*3:10 p. m.
Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin	*5:30 p. m.	*8:45 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation	*6:10 p. m.	*7:30 a. m.

MILWAUKEE DIVISION—DEPOT, CORNER OF KINZIE AND CANAL STREETS.

Morning Passenger	*9:00 p. m.	*11:45 a. m.
Rosehill, Calv'ry & Evanst'n	*1:30 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Afternoon Passenger	*4:30 p. m.	*7:30 p. m.
Kenosha Passenger	*5:00 p. m.	*8:50 a. m.
Waukegan Passenger	*5:45 p. m.	*8:25 a. m.
Waukegan Passenger	*6:15 p. m.	*7:40 a. m.
Milwaukee Passenger	*11:00 p. m.	*5:00 a. m.

WISCONSIN DIVISION—DEPOT, CORNER OF KINZIE AND CANAL STREETS.

Mail Passenger	*9:00 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Night Passenger	*4:45 p. m.	5:45 a. m.
Woodstock Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	8:15 a. m.
Janesville Accommod'n	*3:30 p. m.	2:15 p. m.

Michigan Central Railway.

UNION DEPOT, FOOT OF LAKE STREET.

Mail	*5:00 a. m.	7:40 p. m.
Day Express	*8:00 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	‡3:55 p. m.	6:30 a. m.
Pacific Express	5:15 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
Night Express	†9:00 p. m.	6:30 a. m.

Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railway.

DEPOT CORNER OF VAN BUREN AND SHERMAN STS.

Day Express	3:00 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Pacific Express	5:15 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
Night Express	†9:00 p. m.	6:30 a. m.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railway.

UNION DEPOT, WEST MADISON ST., COR. CANAL.

Day Express	*10.30 a. m.	8:00 p. m
Joliet and Bloomington Accommodation	*4:45 p. m.	9:45 a. m.
Night Express	†9:00 p. m.	6:40 a. m.

Illinois Central Railroad.

UNION DEPOT, FOOT OF LAKE STREET.

Day Express	*8:40 a. m.	*6:40 p. m
Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	*3:00 a. m.
Keokuk Passenger	*8:40 a. m.	*5:45 p. m.
Keokuk Passenger	*8:40 p. m.	*8:00 a. m.
Kankakee Passenger	*4:10 p. m.	*9.15 a. m.
Hyde Park & Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
Hyde Park & Oak Woods	*12:10 p. m.	*1:40 p. m.
Hyde Park & Oak Woods	*3:00 p. m.	*5:15 p. m.
Hyde Park & Oak Woods	*6:10 p. m.	*7:35 p. m.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.

UNION DEPOT, FOOT OF LAKE STREET.

Day Express	*7:45 a. m.	7:30 p. m.
Quincy Express	*3:00 p. m.	4:30 a. m.
Mendota Passenger	*4:30 p. m.	9:40 a. m.
Aurora Passenger	*6:30 p. m.	8:15 a. m.
Night Express	‡11:30 p. m.	6:45 a. m.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R.

DEPOT, COR. VAN BUREN AND SHERMAN STS.

Day Express	*8:00 a. m.	6:00 a. m.
Peru Accommodation	*4:30 p. m.	9:40 a. m.
Night Express	‡10:00 p. m.	6:15 a. m

Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central.

CINCINNATI AIR LINE.—DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND KINZIE STREETS.

Cincinnati Day Express	*7:50 a. m.	9:15 p. m.
Cincinnati Night Express	‡8:35 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Columbus Express	*1:20 p. m.	2:05 a. m.
Columbus Night Express	*8.50 p. m.	7:05 p. m.

Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago.

UNION DEPOT, WEST MADISON, COR. CANAL.

Mail and Accommodation	*3:00 a. m.	†8:00 a. m.
Day Express	*9:00 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
Fast Express	5:30 p. m.	6:00 a. m.
Night Express	†4:30 a. m.	8:00 p. m.

Goodrich's Passenger Steamers.

For Milwaukee, etc., daily	*9:00 a. m.
For Grand Haven and Muskegon, daily	*7:00 p. m.
For St. Joseph, etc., daily	*10:00 a. m
For Green Bay, etc., every Tuesday	8:00 p. m

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays excepted. ‡Sundays excepted. §Mondays only.

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 21, 1869.

COUNTRY SCENES.

BY WILL. M. CARLETON.

Let restless progress have his will!
And let the world grow faster still!
Let poor old Dobbin fill his grave,
And lightning pierce the ocean's wave!
Though poets dream, let engines scream,
And push ahead, with all their steam!
Awhile I leave this noise and strife,
And sing of country scenes and life;
Awhile I sing of country air,
Scented with flowers so rich and fair,
Or flaked with snow, when cold winds blow
And Winter leaves his northern lair!

Awhile I sing of country roads,
In all their various states and modes;
Of turnpikes, belting hills and dales—
Of croaking frogs, and barking dogs,
And "thank-ye-moms," of logs and rails;
Of level miles, that husband time,
Of hills, that horses hate to climb;
Of bridges, o'er ravine and flood,
And cosy beds—of mire and mud;
Of plains, whereon the wheel fast whirls,
Of sidelong slopes that scare the girls;
Who scream so piteously, withal,
With faces blue, and catch at you
Lest they mayhap should catch a fall,
That you, if you have half a heart,
Your prompt assistance will impart,
And tender them your strong right arm,
To keep them safe from mud and harm;—
Of guide-posts, showing you along;
Of folks who pass the time of day,
And when you ask of them the way,
They smile, and bow, and tell you wrong!

And then, the grave-yards on the way;
With lettered head-stones, old and gray,
Telling the oft-admitted tale.
(We know too well the truth they tell!)
That time is short, and flesh is frail.
To ling when youth's bright day-star set,—
When dark old age grew darker yet;
When housewives left the wheel and loom,—
When rose-cheeked maidens lost their bloom.
When the tired farmer ceased to reap,—
And when the baby went to sleep;
When the old doctor, worn and tried
With others' ills, laid by his pills,
And took his last and slowest ride;
When the quaint deacon silent lay
Where he was wont to sing and pray.
When slow, from some death-chilled abode,
The wagons rattled down the road,
Came to the little church, and there
Halted for sermon, hymn and prayer,
Then bearers, with uncovered head,
Bore the sound sleeper to his bed.

* * * * * * *

Well-stocked with hay, and husks, and grain,
Marking the limit of the lane
Halved by a wagon-beaten track,
The surly barn stood coldly back.
O, ancient barn! O, boyhood days!
How stands that place, in homely grace,
Before my retrospective gaze!
How many a day the clover hay
In treading, tired my weary legs!
How many a prize my straining eyes
Have sought, in hidden nests of eggs!
How well I recollect the sheep,
Each one a shy and woolly heap;
The horses, steady, kind old fools;
The biting, kicking, sinful mules!
(Their ways were such, to foe and friend,
That they were safe at neither end!)
The orphaned calves, whose nimble tongues
Proclaimed the soundness of their lungs;
The cows,—especially old Brindle,
A kind of crafty bovine swindle,
Whom Uncle James, one hapless day,
Was milking, and was heard to say,
While Brindle at a thistle picked,
"Now, kick not, that ye be not kicked!
For wherewithal ye kick," —just then
Old Brindle kicked,—and kicked again;—
Oh, how the pail against a rail
Went crashing on its milky track!
And, king of shames! how Uncle James
Went crashing over on his back!

—*Western Rural.*

THE TRUE STORY OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The reading world of America has lately been presented with a book, which is said to sell rapidly, and which appears to meet with universal favor. The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated: the mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast on him by his wife. The story is summed up as follows:

Lord Byron, the hero of the story, is represented as a human being endowed with every natural charm, gift and grace, who by one false step of an unsuitable marriage wrecked his whole life. A narrow-minded, cold-hearted precisian, without sufficient intellect to comprehend his genius or heart to feel for his temptations, formed with him one of those mere worldly marriages, common in high life, and, finding that she could not reduce him to the mathematical proprieties and conventional rules of her own mode of life, suddenly, and without warning, abandoned him in the most cruel and inexplicable manner.

It is alleged that she parted from him in apparent affection and good humor, and wrote him a playful confiding letter upon the way; but, after reaching her father's house, suddenly, and without explanation, announced to him that she would never see him again; that this sudden abandonment drew down upon him a perfect storm of scandalous stories, which his wife never contradicted; that she never in any way or shape stated what the exact reasons for her departure had been, and thus silently gave scope to all the malice of thousands of enemies. The sensitive victim was actually driven from England, his home broken up, and he, doomed to be a lonely wanderer on foreign shores.

In Italy, under bluer skies and among a gentler people, with more tolerant modes of judgment, the authoress intimates that he found peace and consolation. A lovely young Italian Countess falls in love with him, and breaking her family ties for his sake, devotes herself to him, and in blissful retirement with her he finds at last that domestic life, for which he was so fitted. Soothed, calmed, and refreshed, he writes Don Juan, which the world is at this late hour informed was a poem with moral purpose, designed to be a practical illustration of the doctrine of total depravity among young gentleman in high life. Under the elevating influence of love, he rises at last to higher realms of moral excellence, and resolves to devote the rest of his life to some noble and heroic purpose, becomes the savior of Greece, and dies untimely, leaving a nation to mourn his loss.

The authoress dwells with a peculiar bitterness on Lady Byron's *silence* during all these years, as the most aggravated form of persecution and injury. She informs the world that Lord Byron wrote his autobiography with the purpose of giving a fair statement of the exact truth of the matter, and that Lady Byron bought up the manuscript or the publisher and insisted on its being destroyed unread, thus inflexibly depriving her husband of his last chance before the tribunal of the public. As a result of this silent, persistent cruelty on the part of a cold, correst, narrowt minded woman, the character of Lord Byron has been misunderstood, and his name transmitted to after ages with aspersions and accusation which it is the subject of this book to remove.

Such is the story of Lord Byron's mistress,—a story which is going the length of this American continent and rousing up new sympathy with the poet, and doing its best to bring the youth of America once more under the power of that brilliant, seductive genius from which it was hoped they had escaped. Already we are seeing it revamped in magazine articles, which take up the slanders of the paramour and enlarge on them, and wax eloquent in denunciation of the marble hearted, insensible wife.

All this while it does not appear to occur to the thousands of unreflecting readers that they are listening merely to the story of Lord Byron's mistress and of Lord Byron, and that even by their own showing their heaviest accusation against Lady Byron is that *she has not spoken at all*; her story has never been told. For many years after the rupture between Lord Byron and his wife, that poet's personality, fate, and happiness, had an interest for the whole civilized world, which we will venture to say was unparalleled. It is within the writer's recollection, how, in the obscure mountain town where she spent her early days, Lord Byron's separation from his wife was for a season the all-engrossing topic. She remembered hearing her father recount at the breakfast table the facts as they were given in the public papers, together with his own suppositions and theories of the causes.

Lord Byron's "Fare thee well," addressed to Lady Byron, was set to music and sung with tears by young school girls, even in this distant America. Madame de Stael said of this appeal, that she was sure it would have drawn her at once to his heart and his arms: *she* could have forgiven everything; and so said all the young ladies all over the world not only in England, but in France and Germany, —wherever Byron's poetry appeared in translation. Lady Byron's obdurate cold-heartedness in refusing even to listen to his prayers or to have any intercourse with him which might lead to reconciliation, was the one point conceded on all sides. The stricter moralists defended her, but gentler hearts throughout all the world regarded her as a marble-hearted monster of correctness and morality, a personification of the law unmitigated by the Gospel.

Literature in its highest walks busied itself with Lady Byron. Wilson, in the character of the Ettrick Shepherd, devotes several eloquent passages to expatiating on the conjugal fidelity of a poor Highland Shepherd's wife, who, by patience and prayer and forgiveness, succeeds in reclaiming her drunken husband and making a good man of him: and then points his moral by contrasting with this touching picture the cold-hearted pharisaical correctness of Lady Byron.

Moore, in his "Life of Lord Byron," when beginning the recital of the series of disgraceful amours which formed the staple of his life in Venice, has this passage:

"Highly censurable, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame * * *, it was (with pain I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of license to which, when weaned from that connection, he so unrestrainedly, and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself. Of the state of his mind on leaving England, I have already endeavored to convey some idea, and among the feelings that went to make up that self centred spirit of resistance which he then opposed to his fate, was an indignant scorn for his own countrymen for the wrongs he thought they had done him. For a time the kindly sentiments which he still harbored toward Lady Byron, and a sort of vague hope, perhaps, that all would yet come right again, kept his mind in a mood somewhat softened and docile, as well as sufficiently under the influence of English opinions to prevent his breaking out into open rebellion against it, as he unluckily did afterward.

"By the failure of the attempted meditation with Lady Byron, his last link with home was severed: while, notwithstanding the quiet and unobtrusive life which he led at Geneva, there was as yet, he found, no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character; the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which had tracked his every step at home, having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile."

We should like to know what the misrepresentations and slanders must have been, when this sort of thing is admitted in Mr. Moore's justification. It seems to us rather wonderful how anybody, unless it were a person like the Countess Guiccioli, could misrepresent a life such as even Byron's friend admits he was leading. During all there years, when he was setting at defiance every principle of morality and decorum, the interest of the female mind all over Europe in the conversion of this brilliant prodigal son was unceasing, and reflects the greatest credit upon the faith of the sex.

Madame de Stael commenced the first effort at evangelization immediately after he left England, and found her catechumen in a most edifying state of humility. He was metaphorically on his knees in penitence, and confessed himself a miserable sinner in the loveliest manner possible. Such sweetness and humility took all hearts. His conversation with Madame de Stael was printed and circulated all over the world, making it to appear that only the inflexibility of Lady Byron stood in the way of his entire conversion.

Lady Blessington, among many others, took him in hand five or six years afterward, and was greatly delighted with his docility and edified by his frank and free confessions of his miserable offences. Nothing now seemed wanting to bring the wanderer home to the fold, but a kind word from Lady Byron. But, when the fair Courtess offered to mediate, the poet only shook his head in tragic despair; "he had so many times tried in vain; Lady Byron's course had been from the first that of obdurate silence."

* * * * * * *

Every person with whom he became acquainted, with any degree of intimacy, was made familiar with his side of the story. Moore's biography is, from first to last, in its representations, founded upon Byron's communicativeness and Lady Byron,s silence; and the world at last settled down to believing that the account so often repeated and never contradicted, must be substantially a true one.

The true history of Lord and Lady Byron has long been perfectly understood in many circles in England, but the facts were of a nature that could not be made public. While there was a young daughter living, whose future might be prejudiced by its recital, and while there were other persons on whom the disclosure of the real truth would have been crushing as an avalanche, Lady Byron's only course was the perfect silence in which she took refuge, and those sublime works of charity and mercy to which she consecrated her blighted earthly life.

But the time is now come when the truth may be told. All the actors in the scene have disappeared from the stage of moral existence, and pasesd, let us have faith to hope, into a world where they would desire to expiate their faults by a late publication of the truth.

No person in England, we think, would, as yet, take the responsibility of relating the true history which is to clear Lady Byron's memory. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, all the facts of the case, in the most undeniable authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to sleep no public use would have been made of them; but the appearance of popular attack on the character of Lady Byron calls for a vindication, and the true story of her married life will, therefore, now be related.

Lord Byron has described, in one of his letters, the impression left upon his mind by a young person whom he met one evening in society, and who attracted his attention by the simplicity of her dress, and a certain air of singular purity and calmness, with which she surveyed the scene around her. On inquiry, he was told that this young person was Miss Milbanke, an only child, and one of the largest heiresses in England.

* * * * * * *

The result of Byron's intimacy with Miss Milbanke and the enkindling of his nobler feelings was an offer of marriage, which she, though at the time deeply interested in him, declined with many expressions of friendship and interest. In fact she already loved him, but had that doubt of her power to be to him all that a wife should be, which would be likely to arise in a mind so sensitively constituted and so unworldy. They however continued a correspondence as friends; on her part the interest continually increased, on his the transient rise of better feelings was choked and overgrown by the thorns of base and unworthy passions.

From the height at which he might have been happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society. From henceforth, this damning guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Milbanke, his friends seeing that for some reason he was wretched pressed marriage upon him.

Marriage has often been represented as the proper goal and terminus of a wild and dissipated career, and it has been supposed to be the appointed mission of good women to receive wandering prodigals, with all the rags and disgraces of their old life upon them, and put rings on their hands and shoes on their feet, and introduce them clothed and in their right minds, to an honorable career in society.

Marriage was therefore universally recommended to Lord Byron by his numerous friends and well-wishers; and so he determined to marry, and, in an hour of reckless desperation, sat down and wrote proposals to two ladies. One was declined. The other which was accepted, was to Miss Milbanke. The world knows well that he had the gift of expression, and will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter to love him fell at once into the snare. Her answer was a frank, outspoken avowal of her love for him, giving herself to him heart and hand. The good in Lord Byron was not so utterly obliterated that he could receive such a letter without emotion, or practice such unfairness on a loving, trusting heart without pangs of remorse. He had sent the letter in mere recklessness: he had not seriously expected to be accepted, and the discovery of the treasure of affection which he had secured was like a vision of lost heaven to a soul in hell.

But, nevertheless, in his letters written about the engagement, there was sufficient evidences that his self love was flattered at the preference accorded him by so superiora woman and one who had been so much sought. He mentions with an air of complacency that she had employed the last two years in refusing five or six of his acquaintance; that he had no idea she loved him, admitting that it was an old attachment on his part; he dwells on her virtues with a sort of pride of ownership. There is a sort of childish levity about the frankness of these letters, very characteristic of the man who skimmed over the deepest abysses with the lightest jests. Before the world, and to his intimates, he was acting the part of the successful *fiance*, conscious all the while of the deadly secret that lay cold at the bottom of his heart.

When he went to visit Miss Milbanke's parents, as her accepted lover, she was struck with his manner and appearance; she saw him moody and gloomy, evidently wrestling with dark and desperate thoughts, anything but what a happy and accepted lover should be. She sought an interview with him alone and told him that she had observed that he was not happy in the engagement, and magnanimously added that if on review he found he had been mistaken in the nature of her feelings, she would immediately release him and they should remain only friends. Overcome with the conflict of his feelings, Lord Byron fainted away. Miss Milbanke was convinced that his heart must really be deeply involved in an attachment with reference to which he showed such strength of emotion and she spoke no more of the dissolution of the engagement.

There is no reason to doubt that Byron was, as he relates in his Dream, profound agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awful—tragic; yet it was not the memory of Mary Chaworth, but another guilty and damning memory, that overshadowed that hour.

The moment the carriage doors were shut upon the bridegroom and the bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair—unrepentant remorse and angry despair broke forth here upon gentle head.

"You might have saved me from this, may am! you had all in your own power when offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; bnt now you will find that you have married a *devil!*"

In Miss Martineau's sketches, recently published, is an account of the termination of this wedding journey, which brought them to one of Lady Byron's ancestral country seats, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Miss Martineau says:

"At the altar she did not know she was a sacrifice; but before sunset of that winter day she knew it, if a judgment may be formed from her face and attitude of despair when she alighted from the carriage on the afternoon of her marriage day. It was not the traces of tears which won the sympathy of the old butler, who stood at the open door. The bridegroom jumped out of the carriage and walked away. The bride alighted and came up the steps alone with a countenance and frame agonized and listless with evident horror and despair. The old servant longed to offer his arm to the young and lonely creature, as an assurance of sympathy and protection. From this shock she certainly rallied, and soon. The pecuniary difficulties of her new home were exactly what a devoted spirit like hers was fitted to encounter. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathizing and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterward called her cold and mathematical and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, as far as she was concerned.

"Silent she was even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnanimously spared. She did not act rashly in leaving him, though she had been most rash in marrying him."

Not at once did the full knowledge of the dreadful reality, into which she had entered, come upon the young wife. She knew vaguely, from the wild avowals of the first hours of their marriage, that there was a dreadful secret of guilt, that Byron's soul was torn with agonies of remorse, and that he had no love to give her in return for a love which was ready to do and dare all for him. Yet bravely she addressed herself to the task of soothing and pleasing and calming the man whom she had taken "for better or worse."

Young and gifted, with a peculiar air of refined and spiritual beauty; graceful in every movement, possessed of exquisite taste; a perfect companion to his mind in all the higher walks of literary culture, and with that infinite pliability to all his varying, capricious moods which true love alone can give; bearing in her hand a princely fortune, which, with a woman's uncalculating generosity, was thrown at his feet, there is no wonder that she might feel for a while as if she could enter the lists with the very devil himself, and fight with a woman's weapons for the heart of her husband.

There are indications scattered through the letters of Lord Byron, which, though brief indeed, show that his young wife was making every effort to accommodate herself to him, and give him a cheerful home. One of the poems that he sends to his publisher about this time, he speaks of as being copied by her. He had always the highest regard for her literary judgments and opinions, and this little incident shows that she was already associating herself in a wifely fashion with his aims as an author.

Only a few days before she left him forever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron's handwriting, of the Siege of Corinth and Parisinia, and wrote:

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favorable omen of the *morale* of the piece; but you must not trust to that, for my copyist would write out anything I desired, in all the ignorance of innocence."

There were lucid intervals in which Lord Byron felt the charm of his wife's mind and the strength of her powers. "Bell, you could be a poet, too, if you only thought so," he would say. There were summer hours in her stormy life, the memory of which never left her, when Byron was as gentle and tender as he was beautiful; when he seemed to be [illegible] and then for a little time all the ideal possibilities of his nature stood revealed. The most dreadful men to live with are those who thus alternate between angel and devil. The buds of hope and love called out by a day or two of sunshine, are frozen again and again, till the tree is killed.

But there came an hour of revelation—an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this infamy. Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure; some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime. Lady Byron did neither. When all the hope of womanhood died out of her heart, there arose within her, stronger, purer, and brighter, that immortal kind of love such as God feels for the sinner— the love of which Jesus spoke and which holds the one wanderer of more account than the ninety and nine that went not astray. She would neither leave her husband nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin; and hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He repudiated Christianity as authority, and asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called "the impulse of nature."

[Concluded next week.]

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE CATHEDRAL."--WHITEHOUSE VS. CHENEY.

To the Editor of the Universe:

Among the many curiosities of the late Whitehouse-Cheney trial, there are none to be found which so aptly and beautifully illustrate the genial simplicity and meek lowliness of the Christian Church, presided over by the Vice-gerent of Christ in the Diocese of Illinois, as that choice expression of fraternal sentiment contained in a postscript to a letter written by the Right Reverend Bishop, and directed to the defendant in the trial. This postscript is in these words:

P. S.— W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, Esq., Chancellor of the Cathedral, whose office is at No. 80 Washington St., will in future receive any communications which you may have to make to me. Yours, etc.,

[Signed] HENRY I. WHITEHOUSE,
Bishop of Illinois.

Chancellor of the Cathedral! what a high-sounding title, and what a grand officer, forsooth!

Just imagine the kind, the benevolent, the simple man of Nazareth, whose religion consisted in going about doing good, performing acts of kindness, benevolence, and charity, healing the sick, aiding the poor, relieving the distressed; whose temple was beneath the great dome of Heaven: who possessed no grand Cathedral, and knew nothing of the barren rites and ceremonies which characterize his pretentious followers of to-day; —just imagine this man saying to one of the Lutherans: "Any communications you may have to make to me of a financial nature, may be addressed to B. Judas Iscariot, Esq, very Lord High treasurer; or those of any other nature may be adressed to Peter High Cockalorem, very grand Scribe of the Household."

Jesus rode into Jerusalem on the most despised of all animals, but the Lord High Chancellor of the Cathedral in the Diocese of Illinois, rides in a dog-cart behind a spanking tandem team, and cuts a grand swell on Wabash Avenue. Surely, Christ, if he should chance to come upon Earth to-day, would know neither his religion nor his followers.

GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Memphis has had a meteor.

—Reaper accidents are very common.

—Vesuvius has commenced another eruption.

—Broadway, New York, is paved after three years' hard work.

—The yacht Meteor has sailed for a trip around the world.

—The British Parliament will reassemble on the 28th of October.

—The water in the river Nile is lower than it has been in 150 years.

—Advices from Russia indicate a large wheat crop in that country.

—Uraguay has adopted the metrical system of weights and measures.

—The Spanish Government is shooting rebels as fast as they are caught.

—It is proposed to measure distances by the number of car-wheel rotations.

—Chicago citizens are complaining through he papers about the policemen.

—The yacht race from the Isle of Wight, on the 12th, was won by the Egeria.

—Some Cleveland girls play billiards, and call themselves the "White-stockings."

—A man in California has been arrested for profanity, at the complaint of his son.

—A new ministry has been formed in Portugal, with the Duke of Loule at its head.

—A band of five hundred Carlists, under Estartus, have entered Spain from France.

—A steamboat exploded, the 14th on the. Ohio river, killing twelve and wounding fifteen

—The tailors of New York have not men enough to make a success of their "strike."

—The French Cable Company has been authorized to lay a cable from Brest to England.

—Madrid has the reputation of having recently built the finest opera-house in Europe.

—They make hay in ten minutes, in England, by means of heated air, set in motion by a fan.

—A grand meeting of the Free Masons of the world, has been called at Geneva, Switzerland, Dec. 8, next.

—No more Five Points for humanitarians to lament. Worth street is to be opened from Center to Chatham.

—One of the most fashionable young ladies at Nahant, wears a hat costing only ten cents, trimmed by her own hands.

—The latest novelty is a patent paper coffin. There is a great prejudice against it; at least people are very loth to try it.

—An American has received $4,000 in gold from a German railroad company, having had his ankle broken by an accident.

—Muzzling calves is "cruelty to animals" in Philadelphia, and brings a fine of $10. (Smart itemists have here a chance to make a joke.)

—Twelve hundred rag-pickers attended the funeral of a well-known member of the profession in Paris, and three speeches were made.

—The digging of a well at Murat, France, developed a rivulet of hot water, containing an unprecedented amount of arsenate of potash.

—A recent railway accident in England was caused by the color-blindness of the engineer, who could not tell the red from the green light.

—St. Louis seems to be in sober earnest in the matter of the removal of the national capitol to that city, and intends to hold a convention upon the subject.

—A European traveler speaks of the good [illegible] and have only to stick a shilling stamp on his hat, to travel to whatever point he may please.

—One of the best "locals" in the West is said to be a lady reporter of the Jefferson, Iowa, *Era*. She is particularly good in her descriptions of prize-fights and dog-fights.

—Fretreau, the French chemist, has discovered the long sought secret of transmuting baser metals into gold, but the manufactured metal costs much more than the natural gold.

—The Mayor of Richmond, Va., recently held a negro named Pierce on a charge of felony, for obtaining money under false pretences, in organizing a clandestine lodge of Free Masons.

—English locomotives are reckoned to last for about 350,000 train miles, though on some roads this may go up to 400,000 or even 500,000 miles, as the wear and tear depend greatly on circumstances.

—A woman has been arrested in Vienna for decoying young girls into her house and then bleeding them. The blood was used by this woman fiend to wash herself with in order to preserve her beauty.

—A young girl of Norwichtown, Conn., named Louisa Dowdall, found a spotted adder coiled upon the floor at the foot of her bed, on arising a few mornings since. Instead of shrieking, and fainting away, she coolly went down stairs, got an axe, and killed the reptile.

—The great needle manufactory of Carl Schleicher, in Schonthal, near Duren, on the Rhine, exported in the year 1868 no less than 340,000,000 of sewing needles, which were disposed of in various parts of the continent of Europe, in North and South America, and in Africa.

—The dryness of the Egyptian climate is such that rain scarcely ever fell in the upper province, and not more, formerly, than five or six days a year in the Delta. But Mehemet Ali has planted 20,000,000 trees in these districts, and the annual average has now increased to forty days.

—At Zanesville, Ohio, Saturday, just before the beginning of the eclipse, David Launder took up a piece of smoked glass for the purpose of viewing the sun, but had scarcely raised it to his eyes when he was attacked with *coup de soleil*, and fell prostrate. Query: was he sun-struck, or moon-struck?

—There are now nearly three hundred blossoms on a century plant at Rochester, N. Y. which has already caused quite a sensation, and elicited much attention. The plant is now discharging a honey-like fluid called *Mescal*, which the Mexicans use in manufacturing an intoxicating drink.

—An ill-natured Frenchman has invented a toy which he calls the *grimacetiscope*. You place the *carte de visite* of a lady friend in the apparatus, and she appears distorted in a thousand hideous ways, the innumerable combinations of the kaleidoscope being successfully applied to the art of making ugly one's fellow creatures.

—A Portland paper says that a strong pressure is being made to have a young lady appointed to the vacant County Treasurership in Cumberland County, Me., as the Commissioners have the power to fill this vacancy until next January; but it is believed that a woman is ineligible to office in Maine under the present construction of the constitution and laws.

—The planting of trees is encouraged in Iowa by a law, which, it is stated, provides that the planter of forest trees is, for every acre, released from taxation for ten years on one hundred dollar's valuation, and for each acre of fruit trees planted, from taxation on fifty dollars' valuation for five years. The same provisions as to fruit trees are applied to the planting of shade trees and hedges along the highways.

—A San Francisco paper, speaking of the triumphs of chemical science, says: "In Chicago, they make brandy out of street garbage, which is boiled for six hours, and then run off into tanks, and yeast is added. In the ensuing fermentation, certain impurities float off, and three pounds of soap grease are skimmed off from each barrel of garbage. From the residuum, distilled in the ordinary way, four gallons of proof spirit are realized, which, however, requires deodorization, after which it is doctored into brandy and other distilled drinks. In Chicago, men who drink brandy should be above low prejudices."

—At the recent examination for women, held by the University of Cambridge, England, in Group A, including religious knowledge, arithmetic, English history, literature, and composition, ten ladies were placed in the first class eight in the second, seven in the third. In Group B (languages) two were placed in the first class, two in the second, ten in the third., Several ladies obtained special marks of distinction in religious knowledge, arithmetic, English, French and German. One passed in mathematics, three in political economy, two in drawing, and one in music. Thirty-six ladies entered their names. Of these eleven were either absent from the examination, or failed to satisfy the examiners.

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